THE MAGAZINE FOR MAT FANS

A CHAMPION SPORTS PUBLICATION

MEET "THE THUNDERBOLT"

Wrestling REVUE

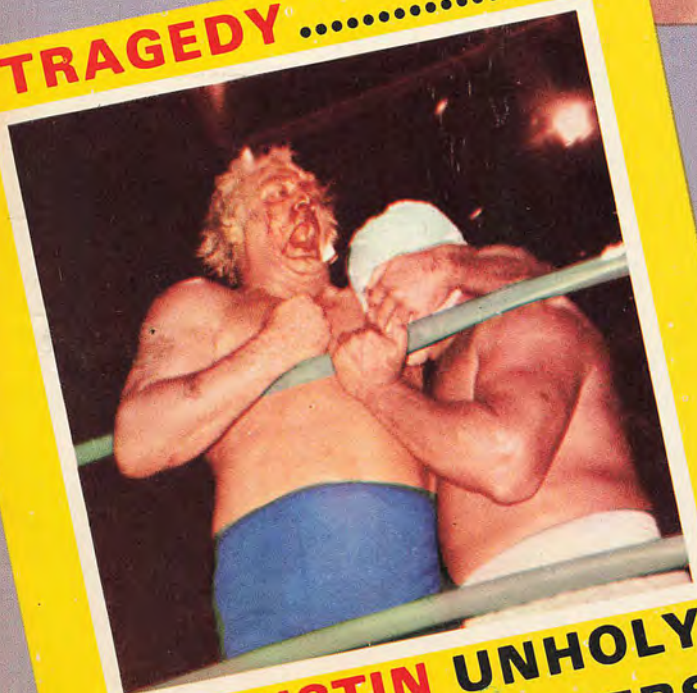
MAY/69 50¢

3/6d

HIRO MATSUDA

JAPAN'S GREATEST?

TRAGEDY .....



and AUSTIN UNHOLY PARTNERS

ALSO:

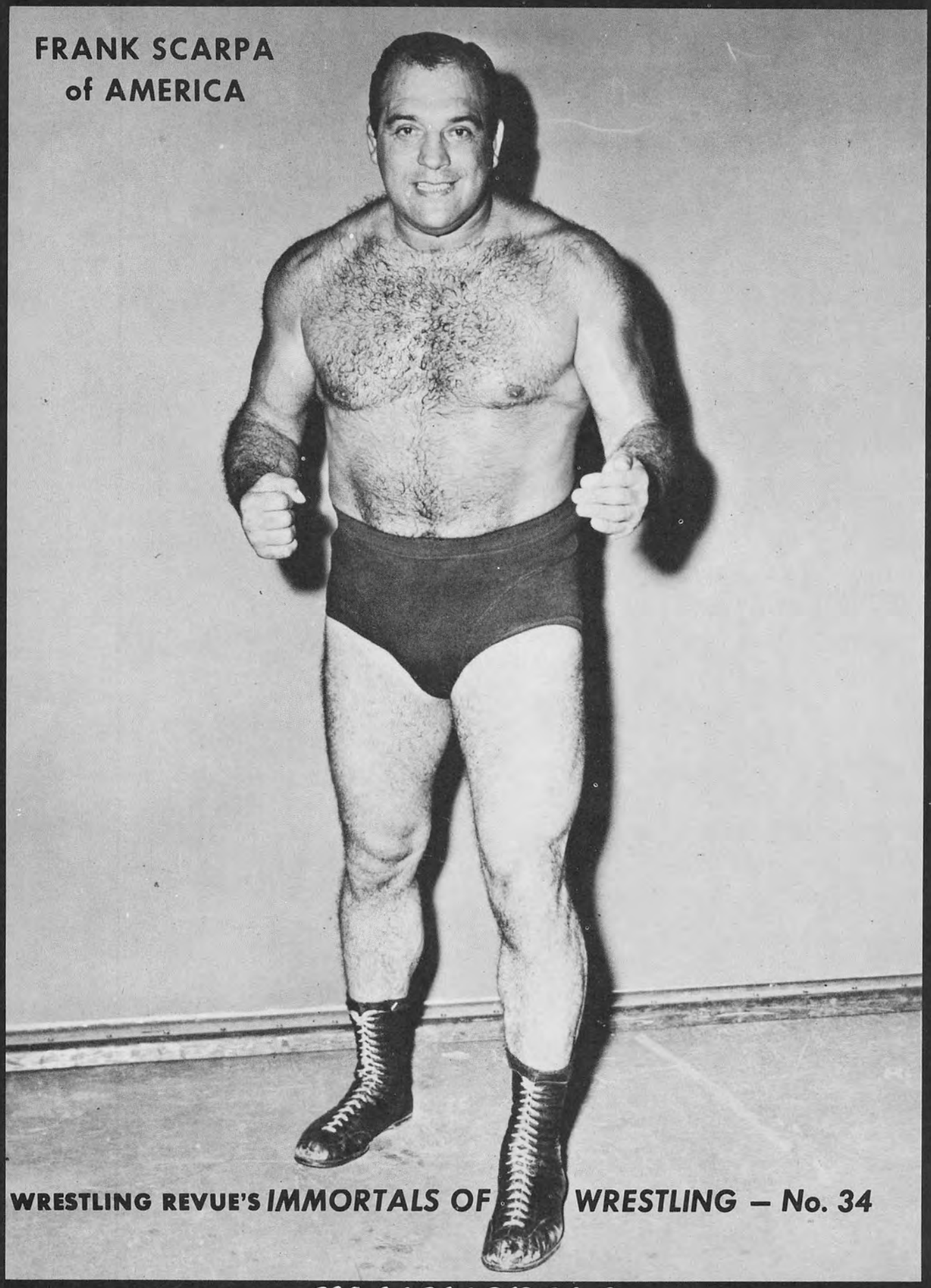
Queen Mae

Berry & Ramos

George Walker

Kenji Shibuya

Frank Scarpa


FRANK SCARPA
of AMERICA
WRESTLING REVUE'S IMMORTALS OF WRESTLING — No. 34

IN MEMORIAL

WHAT DOES THIS CHAMPION HAVE IN COMMON...WITH YOU?

DAVE DRAPER: "Mr. America - Mr. Universe" A Weider Pupil!

See Dave's magnificent physique that won him a co-starring role in the movie "Don't Make Waves."

We can't promise you a movie career but we can guarantee a strong handsome and improved body.

HE ANSWERED A WEIDER AD—GAINED 3 INCHES ON HIS ARMS —4 INCHES ON HIS CHEST—IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO!

You, too—just like Dave Draper—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions this champ did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can begin to slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your entire body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable.

I don't care if, today you own the skinniest, flabbiest or most laughed at body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send for my FREE 32-page booklet of muscle building information, I guarantee that you will experience a muscle building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles start bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did other champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for free information —you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man-Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to Dave Draper and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. Americas" and "Mr. Universes" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time.

ABSOLUTELY FREE! MUSCLE-BUILDING INFORMATION ON HOW TO BUILD A HANDSOME BODY!

JOE WEIDER
Personal trainer of "Mr. America" "Mr. Universe" "Mr. Canada" perfect men title winners since 1936 — and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 104-59V
Trainer of Champions since 1936
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I agree, that just like the champions before me, I want to be a New Man! Rush me your free muscle-building information that I can use right now at home to build a handsome body. I have checked the gains I want to make. I'm enclosing 10c to cover handling and mailing charges. I am under no further obligation in any way.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____
(please print clearly)

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR **FREE** 32 PAGE COURSE!

NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

Here's the kind of body I want (Check as many as you wish).

- ☐ Bigger arms
- ☐ Larger Chest
- ☐ Broader Shoulders
- ☐ Athletic Legs
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

VOLUME 10 NO. 5 – MAY, 1969

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The JUNE issue of WRESTLING REVUE will be one that you won't want to miss. It will feature stories on many of your old favorites as well as action-packed yarns on some up-and-coming stars. You will learn about a night in the life of a Midget Gal Grappler .... Read of the bloodiest feud in the history of wrestling .... Enjoy another chapter in the fascinating story of Norm Hartford's twenty years in wrestling .... All this, plus features on Spiros Arion, Buddy Moreno, Johnny Kostras, Roy Shire, Les Wolff, The Hines Boys and Extra Special Attractions—Gal War in the Carolinas and A Referee's View of Wrestling. You won't want to miss the next issue of WRESTLING REVUE ....

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DUE TO THE INCREASED POSTAGE RATES WE CAN NOT ANSWER ANY MAIL UNLESS A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE IS INCLUDED WITH YOUR LETTERS.

READERS' pros and cons

A PAT ON THE BACK FOR WILSON

Sirs:

I would like to say how much I enjoy your magazine. I have read it for many years. I especially like the Fan Club section and I think that Don Wilson is doing a great job.

I also would like to see a story on Nick Bockwinkel. I think that he is a terrific wrestler and one of the greatest people I know.

Karen Sigmund
Omaha, Neb.

APOLLO

WOULD LIKE TO SEE STORY ON APOLLO

Sirs:

I have been reading Wrestling Revue for some time now. Very rarely do you have an article in about Argentina Apollo. Surely you don't doubt his ability to wrestle. If you could, try to put something in your magazine about him.

Peter Martin
Portland, Me.

(Editor's Note: You must have missed the May, 67 issue, which had a big feature on Apollo.)

LOVED JANUARY ISSUE

Sirs:

I bought my first copy of Wrestling Revue a few days ago and loved it. It was the January issue and had the story on Len Rossi. He is a favorite of mine and most of the mat fans down here in the South. I would like to see a lot more of him and with his latest partner, Johnny Walker.

I also hope you will have stories and pictures on Tojo Yamamoto and his manager, Saul Weingeroff. They are a rough, tough tag-team, one of the best today.

Jimmy Little
Birmingham, Ala.

(Editor's Note: We have run stories on Tojo and Gentleman Saul, in the past issues, but Red Berry says we shouldn't use any more on those stupid †'Z@o's.)*

ANN CASEY

LIKES THE GIRLS

Sirs:

Belle Starr and Ann Casey are two of my favorite wrestlers. Could you please print a picture of one or both of them. Thank you.

Bartlett Miller
Summit, N. J.

(Editor's Note: Here is a pretty picture of Ann.)

(Continued on page 62)

LEN ROSSI

ANOTHER JOE WEIDER SPECIAL!

SHAPE-UP! MUSCLE-UP! SHOP

BUILD MUSCLES. GAIN WEIGHT. LOSE WEIGHT. EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO

1

MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

PUT MUSCLE IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough . . . durable . . . like *you'll* be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98** postpaid.

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms . . . more muscles on your chest . . . broader shoulders . . . wider back . . . a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER **Now**, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.

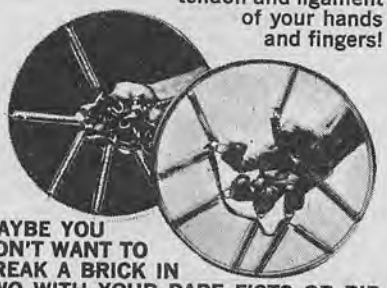
FREE! Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

PRICED AT ONLY **$9.98** WITH COURSE

2 This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO BREAK A BRICK IN TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP A PHONE BOOK IN HALF — BUT WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?

Here's a brand new way . . . a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power . . . able to take care of yourself . . . anytime . . . anywhere . . . in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only **$9.95** postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation — IN 30 DAYS — or your money back!

Great for sports, too! Fear no man!

FREE My "Killer Karate" Course . . . "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER **Now!**

ONLY **$9.98** KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3 NEW SLIM-GARD

Trims Inches Off Your Middle, Waist, Hips and Lower Back Without Dieting — Without Exercising!

Meet my pupil, Irvin Koszewski, age 46. He has a 48" chest, 30" waist. Weighs 190 pounds. He's won more than 50 trophies for "Most Muscular Waist" in various "Mr. America" contests. Says Irvin: **"You wouldn't think that a guy like me could use the SLIM-GARD, but I do. Every day if possible. It keeps my waist and middle trim and muscular! I swear by it. You chubby guys will, too!"**

SLIM-GARD is the newest, space age way to tone up and trim down your torso. All you do is wear it and immediately it massages and melts the fat off your waist! There's no dieting . . . no exercise! Knock 2 to 3 inches off your waist without giving up your favorite foods. It's fantastic the way it works! SLIM-GARD acts like a waist supporter, too. It hugs your body, keeping warm air in, cold air out and inducing immediate perspiration. Wear it on the golf course, tennis court, at home, or when you jog. SLIM-GARD won't tear at hairs . . . you won't even know you're wearing it. Stretches to approximately 6". Made from the finest, most resistant neoprene rubber. Easy to slip on and off. Has heavy-duty zipper. SLIM-GARD won't tear, rip, or come apart. Available in Small (22-30 waist); Medium (30-35); Large (35-42). ORDER NOW! Only **$9.98.**

FREE!

NEW "AEROBICS/CIRCUIT TRAINING" EXERCISE ROUTINE

Combining a slimming, muscle-strengthening and heart-arteries-lung improvement routine to help create a more vigorous you . . . **inside and out!**

Follow this enjoyable, easy plan in the privacy of your own room. Slims and strengthens your body in just **15 minutes a day.** Stimulates your body to use and distribute your food intake more efficiently—to keep you from gaining weight. Helps you melt off fat where you want it. Reshapes your body to youthful lines. Stimulates your body to use and distribute more oxygen so that your heart, arteries and lungs are strengthened.

See results within 2 weeks! Tested by thousands with outstanding results! This program is guaranteed to improve your well-being, fitness and vigor in just weeks. And most important, it's an easy-to-follow program **you can-stick-to-for-the-rest-of-your-life!**

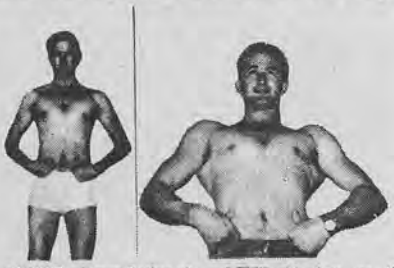
SLIM-GARD & COURSE ONLY **$9.95**

HERE FOR MASCULINE VIRILITY!

CREATE A NEW, EXCITING AND FUN-GOING YOU IS SHOWN RIGHT HERE!

4 THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body . . . through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. **Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan** puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven **Crash-Weight** Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily . . . to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my **weight-gain plan** is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The **Formula #7 Plan** does all the work . . . you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want —and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. **Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.**

Here's a day's supply in your "End of the Skinny Body" Plan:

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of **Crash-Weight Formula #7**
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth $1.80...yours FREE!

7-day supply: $8.00 • 14-day supply: $14.98

(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)

ONLY

$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY & COURSE

5 LOSES 35 POUNDS IN A FEW WEEKS!

BEFORE—Gerry Murray was overweight, sick and disgusted with life.

AFTER a few short weeks on the **Weight-Loss** Plan, he was 35 lbs. lighter and happier!

LOSE UP TO A-POUND-A-DAY . . . 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS Without Losing Strength & Vigor

The Only "Weight Loss" Plan that Really Does Something To Shape You Up . . . Keep You Vigorous And Athletic-Looking While Losing Weight!

Your skin won't collapse or sag or develop the deep and wavy lines and wrinkles that give you an aged appearance. This is the only plan that puts vigor, power, muscles and masculinity into your body while it slims you. You'll look and feel younger while losing weight **safely. Weight Loss RX7 SHAPE UP PLAN** is a revolutionary new protein-enriched weight-loss plan. Unlike other reducing plans that make you lose vigor, health and youthfulness, this remarkable drink provides you with a nutritional balance of natural-organic **proteins, vitamins, minerals . . . along** with controlled fats and carbohydrates. Follow the plan, drink nutritious, milkshake-flavored RX7, follow the **Carbo-Gram "Countdown" Diet** and the few simple exercises that come with it. You are **guaranteed** that within 30 days you'll look more vigorous, be more athletic-looking and more youthful than at any other time in your life. THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT DAILY . . . WHY NOT YOU . . . WHY NOT **NOW . . . TODAY?**

FREE New "Aerobics / Circuit-Training" Exercise Routine. Same course as described in the SLIM-GARD ad, with emphasis on waist, hips and small of the back reduction. PLUS FREE: 3 copies of **Mr. America** magazine . . . worth $1.80 . . . yours FREE!

12-Day Supply

$11.98

(Your choice of Vanilla or Chocolate flavor)

6 SPECIAL OFFER:

- 2-weeks' supply of "RX7" with course.
- Plus SLIM-GARD
- and 3 FREE issues of Mr. America.

A $25 value Now only **$17.96**

USE THIS SHAPE-UP . . . MUSCLE-UP COUPON!

JOE WEIDER

DEPT. 104-59P4
531-32nd Street
Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up"..."Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs"..."ands"... or "buts."

I enclose check or money order for $ . . . . . .

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

1 ☐ **"007" TWISTER,** Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine only **$9.95**

2 ☐ **KILLER KARATE KRUSHER** & Free "Killer Karate" course only **$9.95**

3 ☐ **SLIM-GARD** & Free "Circuit Training" course & 3 copies of Mr. America . . . . . only **$9.98**

Check waist size: ☐ Small (22-30) ☐ Medium (30-35) ☐ Large (35-42)

4 **CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN** with Free course (check one):

☐ 7-Day Supply . . . . . only **$ 8.00**

☐ 14-Day Suppy . . . . . only **$14.98**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

5 ☐ **WEIGHT-LOSS RX7 Plan** with Free "Shape-Up" course. 2 weeks' suuply only **$11.98**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate ☐ Vanilla

6 ☐ **SPECIAL OFFER:** 2 weeks of RX7 Plan, Free "Shape-Up" course and Slim-Gard. $25.00 value only **$17.96**

NOTES... From Under The DERBY

By RED BERRY

Editor's Note: When "Gentleman Saul" Weingeroff filled in for his old friend Red Berry back in July, the column proved so popular that we've asked him to it again. Sorry 'bout that, Red.)

I wish Red Berry would stop saying unkind things about me. After all, he is the kind of guy who would walk an old lady across the street and abandon her halfway across. Red said he was in elementary school when I started to wrestle. That is the first time in his life he told the truth, because Red was the oldest kid in the class. He was 43 years old!

One of these days our paths will cross again. Then the wrestling world will know that Gentleman Saul Weingeroff is the number one manager in the world.

J.C. Dykes and his Infernos are doing well in Amarillo, Texas, and New Mexico. I have to admit he has a good team. But I have Tojo and a tough newcomer, Johnny Long, who just won the tag championship belts for me.

Joe Louis, former heavyweight boxing champ, is here in the Southeast, refereeing, and is sure packing the fans in. He helped break all-time records in Memphis, Atlanta, Tampa and Birmingham.

Don Greene, the millionaire wrestler, will box Joe Louis in Memphis this month. I have been engaged to second Don. With my help, Don will stop Joe Louis. Don is tough.

Joe Scarpa is back in Japan. He is one of the toughest young wrestlers around today. Joe has a tremendous following in the South. Did you know that Smasher Sloane, who is wrestling in Texas, has been a champion weight lifter is the son of an old-time wrestling great. His dad wrestled under the name of Whitey Whittlen, and was the world junior heavyweight champ.

Johnny "Rubberman" Walker

The Tennessee and Alabama territory is having its biggest year in history with such stars as Len Rossi, Johnnie Walker, Ken Lucas, Dennis Hall, The Mighty Yankees, plus Tojo Yamamoto, Johnny Long and yours truly.

Promoter Nick Gulas and Roy Welsh are doing a fantastic job.

The Assassins are back in Atlanta and are making people take notice. They are another tough team.

Johnny Valentine and the Great Malenko broke up. They were a rough pair. They were the hottest team ever in Puerto Rico and the Bahamas. Another German who has come to the States, and is now wrestling in Texas is Baron Von Raschke.

Dory Funk Jr. is one of the best young wrestlers today. This boy can't miss being number one some day. He has everything: youth, ability, strength, size – everything to make a champ. The same goes for his kid brother Terry.

Tojo Yamamoto has signed to make

(Continued on page 65)

The Great Joe Louis is flanked by Southern promoter Nick Gulas and his son George.

NOW! Run Your Car Without Spark Plugs

NEW JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS

Will deliver up to 30 more horsepower, 5 more miles per gallon using only regular gas!

THEY NEVER WEAR OUT

YOU'LL NEVER CLEAN, ADJUST OR REPLACE PLUGS AGAIN!

- *get up to 5 more miles per gallon of gas*
- *add up to 30 more horsepower to your engine*
- *save $100 each year for you, year after year while you use the cheapest grades of gasoline!*

THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCES BETWEEN ORDINARY SPARK PLUGS AND JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS

Your car's power comes from tiny explosions of gasoline vapor and air in your cylinders. The bigger the explosions, the faster you go.

SPARK PLUGS *NARROW SPARK*

CONVENTIONAL PLUGS explode this mixture with a spark jumping across an air gap. The spark is just 35-thousandths of an inch across — not wide enough to explode all the fuel in the cylinder. Unburned gas escapes through your exhaust. In time, the electrodes become eroded and caked with carbon. The gap widens, the spark gets narrower, you lose more power, waste more fuel . . . and finally have to replace your plugs.

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITER *WIDE SWATH OF FLAME*

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITERS use no sparks. Instead a fanning swath of flame walks across a semi-conductor bridge from one electrode to another, exploding far more fuel, getting far more power. There is no gap that can widen, and carbon deposits actually improve performance. They do not have to be adjusted or replaced—*ever!*

Pat. No. 2899585

Spark plugs are obsolete! Now there's a far better way to run your car.

With conventional spark plugs, only a fraction of the fuel that enters your cylinders is turned into power. The rest escapes through your tailpipe as unburned vapor. That is because their spark is so narrow—only 35-thousandths of an inch wide—that it cannot possibly ignite all the fuel mixture in the cylinder. As plugs get older, their sparks get narrower and less efficient till they have to be replaced.

New Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters do a far better job of turning gasoline into power. Instead of a narrow spark, they send out a wide swath of flame that "walks" across a semi-conductor tip, fanning out in all directions and exploding far more fuel in the cylinder.

Proof That You Get Up To 30 Horsepower More

Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters look like spark plugs merely because they have to be screwed into the spark plug socket. But what they do is far different. Here's how to prove it:

1. **Run your car till it's fully warmed up.**
2. **Stop on a perfectly level stretch of road.**
3. **Put the car in Drive (1st gear with manual transmission), and see how fast the car rolls at idling speed.**
4. **Remove plugs and install Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters (a 10-minute job).**
5. **Now see how fast your car rolls at idling speed. You can expect it to go 4 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER without touching the gas pedal—dramatic proof that Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters increase engine RPMs by 100 to 150 with no increase in gas consumption. (At high speeds, RPMs increase by 300 to 350.)**

So, first thing, you can reduce the gas flow by adjusting the idling screw, and **start saving money before you've even driven a mile!**

(At the same time, you can make your air-to-gas mixture leaner. Fuel Igniters require only a 15:1 ratio instead of the conventional 9:1. It's a simple adjustment that you or your mechanic can make in one minute. It provides even greater economy.)

Start driving and you'll notice even more improvement—up to 30 more horsepower of acceleration power, climbing power, and passing power. All this while burning less gas!

SWITCH TO REGULAR

The next time your gas gauge gets near the "Empty" mark, tell the attendant to fill it up with REGULAR! Chances are you'll no longer need premium which costs four to eight cents more than regular gas.

And this second saving is only the beginning. Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters provide easier cold-weather starts . . . and that means less drain on your battery, and no drain on your patience as you try to get started.

NO REPLACING OR ADJUSTING EVER

The more you drive, the better your Fuel Igniters perform. They don't become eroded, wear out or require adjusting. And carbon build-up—the natural enemy of old fashioned plugs—actually makes fuel igniters perform better. Carbon becomes an additional carrier for the igniter's big jet flame.

So there you have a third saving. One set of fuel igniters will last the life of your car!

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BY RICK SYDELL

BUDDY AUSTIN - BOY, DO THE FANS HATE HIM... "Killer" in the ring- he has been stalked by tragedy outside

The way the fans love to see Austin, at the mercy of an opponent.

Whether you are among his few fans and admirers or one of the very large number who hate his "guts," you have to admit that Buddy "Killer" Austin is one of the most capable and exciting wrestlers around. Austin is one who can give and take with the best, a man who asks no quarter and gives none. In other words, a real "thrill-provider."

A real "pro," Buddy is a man who has had to overcome more heartbreaks than a dozen people in his lifetime. Recently he was the victim of a senseless shooting. that may end his wrestling career.

Only last year Buddy's wife and daughter died in an tragic accident, now this shooting. Austin was shot coming to the aid of one of his most hated rivals, Pedro Morales. It happened at a New Year's eve party in Sydney, Australia.

Some drunken fans were attacking Morales, and Buddy rushed to his side. In the struggle a shot was fired, and he fell wounded in the stomach. While the wound was not serious, it has sidelined him, and his future as a wrestler is in doubt.

However those who know him well, and those opponents who have seen him comeback from terrible beatings to triumph are sure he will overcome this handicap, just as he has others during his thirty-six years, and remain one of the top wrestlers in the world.

Buddy, a good-looking blond Adonis, first became a pro wrestler in 1954. His good looks found him dubbed "The Golden Gladiator" and for those first years of his career he was an idol of the fans. Then the first of the dark tragedy of his life struck.

One night in Oakland, Calif., he was pitted against a youngster by the name of George Simson. Buddy was too big and strong for his rival and was having an easy time. He weakened Simson with a varied attack then put a "Pile Driver" hold on him. The force of the slam on the mat broke Simson's neck.

They rushed him to the hospital, but three days later he died. It was a terrible accident. And it changed the whole wrestling career of Buddy Austin.

From "The Golden Gladiator" he became "The Killer." From an idol he became an ogre in the eyes of the fans.

(Continued on page 12)

When Buddy clashed with one of the Mexican Medics, it was a real slam-bang, no-holds barred brawl that saw both men absorb a great deal of punishment.

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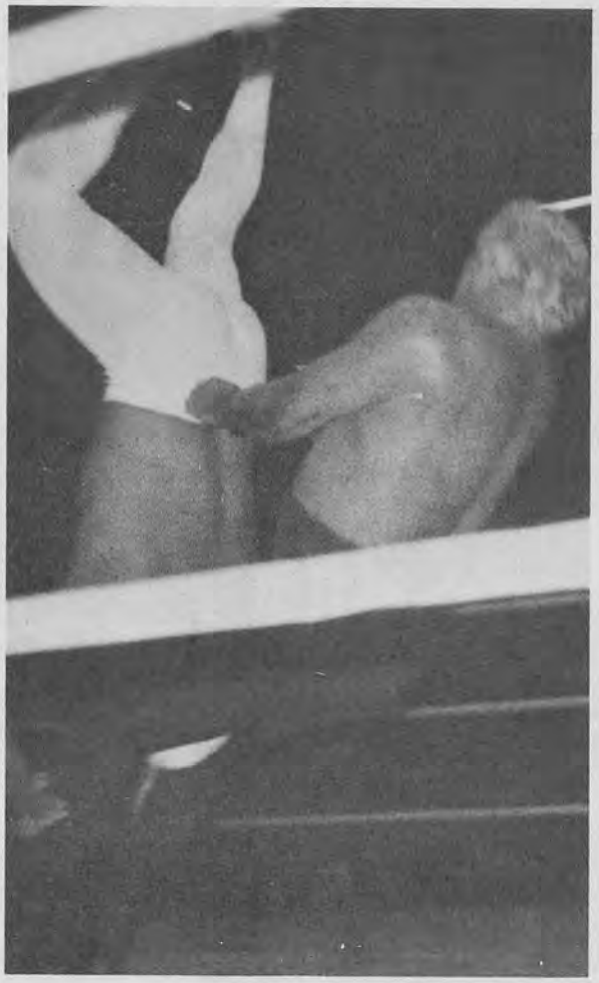
Buddy takes time out before an interview on KHJ-TV to pose with a pretty fan.



The dreaded Austin "Pile Driver" captured the first fall of the match for Buddy. However, it was a different story in the second fall as Austin got a going over.

austin (Continued from page 12)

They wouldn't let him forget what had happened.

Austin decided if they wanted him as a villain, well, he would be just that, and the meanest, dirtiest foulest they ever saw. So you see the fans have had as much to do as anyone making Austin what he is today.

It has also made him a target for other wrestlers, who encouraged by the yells from the crowd to "break his neck," have worked him over pretty good. Although they haven't succeeded in breaking Austin's neck, they have come close. Among the injuries he has suffered in his fifteen years and many thousand odd matches are a broken collarbone, seven broken ribs, two broken legs. His left arm twice busted, he has had all of his upper teeth knocked out and suffered numerous cuts and bruises.

Some of his battles with Morales, Bobo Brazil, Lou Thesz and The Giant Baba, have been orgies of gore.

While Buddy usually wrestles as a single and has held the AWA title twice in recent years, losing it last to Brazil, who Austin calls a "big dumb idiot." Buddy who has never complained about tactics used by any of his rivals, does feel that the "KoKo Butt" of Brazil's should be barred.

"No one else has a head like that jerk–it is made out of cement, he has crippled more wrestlers with that, than anyone else."

Not too long ago, Buddy teamed up with Fred Blassie, what a team – "Murder Inc," is what the fans called them, and they whipped everyone they faced, until the referee started clamping down on their dirty tactics, and after losing a few matches on disqualifications they broke up.

What the future now holds for Buddy is as we say questionable. While the fans may not love him, the promoters sure do! They know that Austin on their card means money in the box office. Buddy has sold out the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium twelve times in recent years. He can draw the fans like no one else. Even those who "hate" him the most were shocked by his being shot, and the fact that he was trying to help Morales made a few fans remark: "Well, I guess he ain't all bad, just a little nuts."

No matter how one feels personally about Buddy Austin, wrestling needs attraction like him, and I am sure all wrestling fans wish him a speedy recovery and a return to their favorite wrestling arenas where they can come out and hopefully see someone "break his damn neck." ♦ ♦ ♦

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SYLVIA HACKNEY IS A LADY

SOUTHERN BELLE IS TOO GENTLE FOR THE SPORT

BY GARY BALLARD

One of the most inappropriate terms in use today is "lady wrestler." True, the girls who don tights and square off on the mat are beautiful, skillful, and some of the hottest box office material around, but ladies? Ha!

Mildred Burke used to challenge men to climb into the ring with her, Fabulous Moolah brags of the broken bones and injuries she's inflicted on her opponents, Cora Combs once K.O.'d two would-be robbers in a parking lot – you call these gals ladies? Don't make me laugh.

I felt like giving a similar derisive reply when the little boy tapped me on the shoulder at ringside and said, "That lady wrestler over by the dressing room wants to see you a minute."

But instead I deposited my camera with the timekeeper and strolled over to her. "Would you do me a favor?" she asked. "If I give you my address, will you take my picture and mail me a copy of it?"

Sure, why not? While I retrieved the camera, she changed into her working clothes and was waiting for me when the rest period of the preliminary bout began. The slip of paper she handed me announced in handwriting as beautiful as her face and form that her name was Sylvia Hackney. Her mat attire accented all the right places, and if there were any wrong places, they were invisible to anything short of an X-ray machine. She posed against the dressing room wall, I snapped the shutter, and that should have been that.

But Sylvia launched a conversation which was to metamorphose an unalterable opinion. It was a perfunctory type of discourse, consisting of references to the weather, comments on current events, observations on political maneuvers, and friendly inquiries into my background. Before long I found myself warming to her. Instantly the little censor which dwells in my head and keeps a tight rein on my emotions was nagging at me, "So you're falling for a pretty face, huh?" Sure, she's gorgeous and personable, but so was Jezebel. Don't fall for this phony act of social class she's dishing out!"

With that I excused myself rather abruptly and started to leave the room when I realized just how abrupt I had been and turned to see a genuine look of hurt deep within those lovely brown eyes. It was an awkward moment because then I wanted to stay, yet I didn't know how to explain my sudden change of mind. She came to my rescue and helped to smooth out the awkwardness by suggesting we watch the remainder of the preliminary from the dressing room doorway. We stationed ourselves there, but it was soon obvious that I was the only one really watching the action. Again she interpreted my facial expression and said, "I guess I'm a little nervous. This is just my fifth professional match tonight, and I still haven't learned how to control the butterflies."

Inside she may have been a bundle of nerves; but outwardly, aside from a smattering of preoccupation about her manner, no one could have detected the slightest hint of concern. The same was true when she climbed through the ropes to meet her rough and ready opponent, Sara Lee, in a one-fall to the finish for the second match of the evening. There she stood, calm and collected as if she had much more than

(Continued on page 55)

Matsuda is admittedly one of the best of today's grapplers.

BY JACK MERWEDE

HIRO MATSUDA... Japan's Outstanding Master Of The Mat

Oriental grappler is cunning, crafty and dangerous....

When talk gets around to Japanese wrestlers, a stereotype immediately comes to mind: short, ample in the mid-section, cunning and dangerous, but something less than outstanding in the area of scientific, American-style wrestling.

Several years ago, a young man named Hiro Matsuda exploded that myth. Tall, lean and muscular, Hiro looked like anything but the "typical Jap" wrestler. Although he was an expert in the use of judo and held the coveted black belt in karate, he did not depend upon these skills, at least not to the extent most oriental grapplers seem to. Hiro was extremely well-versed in scientific American and European-style wrestling when he first came to this country, moving with such skill and precision that opponents weren't merely defeated, they were *fascinated*!

Talking to Hiro Matsuda without an interpreter would have been almost impossible only a few years ago. However, this rising star from the Orient is quick to learn. A few months in Latin America had him speaking Spanish fairly well, and his several years in the United States have rendered him quite fluent in English. Talking to the man today is rather like conversing with a brilliant exchange student from a foreign country; a little of his heritage remains in evidence when he speaks, but what he says comes across in a most profound and concise manner.

We asked Hiro Matsuda a series of questions about wrestling, his personal viewpoints and his ambitions.

QUESTION: What has been your most rewarding moment, as a professional athlete, since coming to this country?

MATSUDA: Frankly, it would be pretty hard to pin down one incident. I've had a lot of matches in this past six years; a lot of good fortune and, of course, a few setbacks. I guess if I had to pick one thing, though, it would be the time I beat Danny Hodge for the world junior heavyweight championship. I had wrestled Danny several times previously, but I was never quite able to beat him. Hodge doesn't know how to quit, but more than anything, he's a great wrestler. He has strength in his hands, for instance, that's unbelievable. I studied karate and I can break boards with my bare hands, but it was a different sort of thing with Hodge. His power was in his grip. I don't mind telling you, a lot of men are afraid to wrestle Danny for that very reason. I wrestled a lot of the best and always felt that I gave a good account of myself, but that match with Hodge had to be the high point thus far.

QUESTION: How long did you hold the junior heavyweight title?

MATSUDA: Less than six months, unfortunately. I don't like to make excuses, but I probably had no

business trying to be a junior heavyweight even at the time I won the title. You see, I had to go on a real strict diet—I don't mean just eat the right food, I mean not eat much of anything! Making the weight limit was tough, but I managed. Keeping down to it, month after month, was something else, though. I worked out every day and wrestled several times a week, but if I ate *anything* I gained five pounds. I just can't make it on a cup of tea and a bowl of rice, and I got weak. The night I lost the title (to veteran Angelo Savoldi), everyone was surprised but me. I just gave out. I knew it was going to happen, and when it did, I almost felt like I didn't care. Hodge had the title again in practically no time, but I never went after it again. What the hell, I'd proven my point, and I didn't see any sense in suffering from perpetual malnutrition.

Fast action is the byword with Matsuda.

Hiro's side head-lock is an effective weapon, as Sam Steamboat found out.

QUESTION: Having outgrown the junior heavyweight division, how do you think you'd fare against a really big man, say Gene Kiniski?

MATSUDA: I'd say I'd have a better than average chance. Kiniski is tough, but I wrestled him to a draw once. Since then, I've learned a few things, while he's kept himself on the verge of exhaustion by defending his title almost as often as he can get from city to city by jet airplane. Understand, beating a champion is never a sure thing, even for the most qualified contender. You've got to beat him, he doesn't have to beat you. That makes a lot of difference.

QUESTION: Speaking of Kiniski, rumor has it that he uses karate in his matches. Do you know if this is true, and if it is, how would you combat this technique if you were challenging the man for his title?

MATSUDA: I guess that's what you call a "loaded question." All right, first of all, I've been accused of throwing karate chops in the ring, mainly because it's a convenient excuse for some guy who takes a "sour grapes" attitude when I beat him. I've had some bad words put on me for this alleged offense, and I'm not going to dignify my accusers by confirming *or* denying the charge. Neither am I going to turn right around and accuse another wrestler of the same thing.

As for how I'd handle a wrestler who used karate, it seems I should say that I'd use a little of my own, because I do know a lot more about the sport than just about any opponent I'd be likely to meet in this country. On the other hand, it's illegal and its use would get me disqualified. Say I'm wrestling Kiniski and he used karate. He gets disqualified, but this way I can't win the title. On the other hand, if I use it and get disqualified, I'm still out of luck. Either way, I lose, so I'm not apt to try using karate, especially in a championship match. If the situation arose, and understand that this is strictly hypothetical, I believe I'd use my superior knowledge of karate to anticipate an opponent's moves and block them.

QUESTION: How do you feel about the fact that karate isn't permitted in American wrestling?

MATSUDA: I'd say you people were a real bunch of savages if you did allow it. Karate isn't permitted in Japanese wrestling either, and wrestling is just as big over there as it is here. Karate as it is practiced in a civilized society is like target shooting with firearms. It has no place in wrestling.

QUESTION: But don't some wrestlers occasionally try and sneak in a karate chop, and aren't most of those who do Japanese?

MATSUDA: Again, I'm not going to be baited into making generalizations about wrestlers whom I might not even know. All I can say is, anyone who uses karate against an opponent in a wrestling match must have damned good control. He must know how to contain his thrust at just the proper ten-millionth of a second, or he'd kill somebody!

QUESTION: If we may deviate from the subject of wrestling for a moment, how do you, as a Japanese, like the United States?

MATSUDA: I guess I like it about as

well as anyplace except Japan. I find the people in this country to be quite cordial, for the most part. Naturally, you'll find a few who come on with something like, "Hey feller, are you a Jap or a Chinaman?" These kind, I ignore, but I certainly don't consider them typical.

QUESTION: How about when you were in Japan? What was your feeling toward Americans then?

MATSUDA: I guess I was nine or ten years old when I saw my first American. Japan had just lost the war, but I was too young then to understand what it was all about. I remember that I had a hard time believing that the American soldiers, who seemed pretty friendly and used to give candy to the kids on the street, were the same people who dropped the bombs on us. It was a long time before I was able to understand this.

After awhile, we began to accept the Americans as a part of our lives. A few of the old people still disliked them, but the younger ones thought of the G.I.'s as the people who brought us baseball, candy bars and such, not as enemy soldiers come to occupy our land.

Actually, you can't lose a war and undergo years of occupation by a foreign government without some bitterness, but I think Japan and the United States have done about as good a job of trying as any two countries could be expect to.

QUESTION: I know this is really getting off the subject of wrestling, but what seems to be the attitude of the Japanese people toward Communism? There have been quite a few anti-American demonstrations there in the past.

MATSUDA: Before I get down to the "meat" of your question, let me say that I don't fully agree that it is entirely off the subject of wrestling. The Communist countries, primarily Russia and Red China, haven't offered much in the way of professional athletes to the world. Amateurs from Japan, the United States and other free countries have to compete with the best athletes the Communists can develop over a period of years, because they don't have professional sports. This leads me to believe that these "career amateurs" the Communists have probably stop developing their skills at about the point where they'd be good enough to turn pro. This is sort of an example of what Communism has done for professional sports

As for the attitude of the Japanese people, I think you'll find us a bit too civilized for Communism. No offense, but we were quite civilized before there was any United States of America.

QUESTION: True, but weren't the Chinese, many of whom are now Communists, civilized even before Japan was?

MATSUDA: In a sense, perhaps, but theirs was never a *total* civilization, as ours has been for centuries. What I mean is that a Chinese peasant under Communism is ignorant, hungry and mired irrevocably in abject poverty, just as his ancestors were in the days of their ancient emporers. The enlightenments of civilization there have been for the chosen few; the masses continue to wallow in poverty and ignorance just as they did a thousand years ago.

Japan, on the other hand, has traditionally had a civilization which has included the "common people." We have the highest literacy rate of any nation in the world, one of the highest agricultural yields per acre and one of the biggest and most rapidly-advancing industrial potentials. There was a time when the American people wouldn't buy anything if it was made in Japan; now, that label is one of the best recommendations a product can have.

QUESTION: All right, but what about the student anti-American demonstrations?

MATSUDA: I'd like to say there hadn't been any such demonstrations, but I don't think the ones we've had are any more significant than the one staged by students in this country. I don't feel that they're representative of public opinion in either place.

QUESTION: About the time you were beginning to emerge as a real topflight competitor on the American wrestling scene, Rikidozan was assassinated. Since then, you have become Japan's number one professional wrestler, sort of replacing Riki. There are even those who say you are greater than he was. How do you feel about all this?

MATSUDA: Quite frankly, I feel rather humble. Rikidozan was my idol when I was a boy. It would be most unbecoming of any Japanese wrestler to say he felt himself worthy of assuming Rikidozan's place in the sport. Let me just say that I am flattered if my people are willing to extend me so great an honor.

QUESTION: Whether or not you choose to be modest about it, you are currently considered to be Japan's best in the mat sport. In view of this, why do you wrestle primarily in America, returning to Japan only occasionally and only then for brief periods? You could remain in your homeland and enjoy your popularity in a more leisurely and, perhaps, even a more profitable fashion.

MATSUDA: I could also be working as an office boy with a big industrial firm in Tokyo. I tried that for awhile, but I didn't like it. Who knows, today I might have been a blossoming young junior executive with a briefcase and an ulcer. We have those types in Japan too, you know.

When I said "no thanks" to the stereotyped niches in the business world and decided to go-for-broke in pro wrestling, it wasn't because I wanted to do the easiest, most convenient thing I could. I wanted to be top man, not when I'm sixty years old, but right now. I guess you might say I lack the traditional patience of my people.

QUESTION: You said you wanted to be "top man." In wrestling, this can only mean the world heavyweight championship. Your ability in the ring is self-evident, but there are also a lot of other top men in contention. How, then, does wrestling offer you an opportunity you wouldn't find elsewhere?

MATSUDA: You said it. You answered your own question with one word: opportunity. In wrestling, I can expect to get the *opportunity* to challenge the world champion if I am able to prove myself a top contender, and I have sufficient confidence in my own abilities that I'm sure I can do just that.

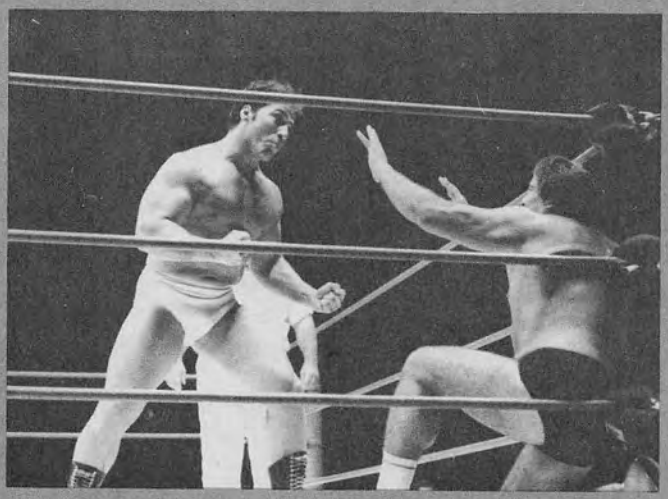
*

Opportunities are things which come but a few times to a man in his life, and they do not linger. Often they are gone before he even knows they were there at all. They are like the mist which hovers over the water in the stillness of the sunrise; one watches and it goes nowhere, and yet it is gone.

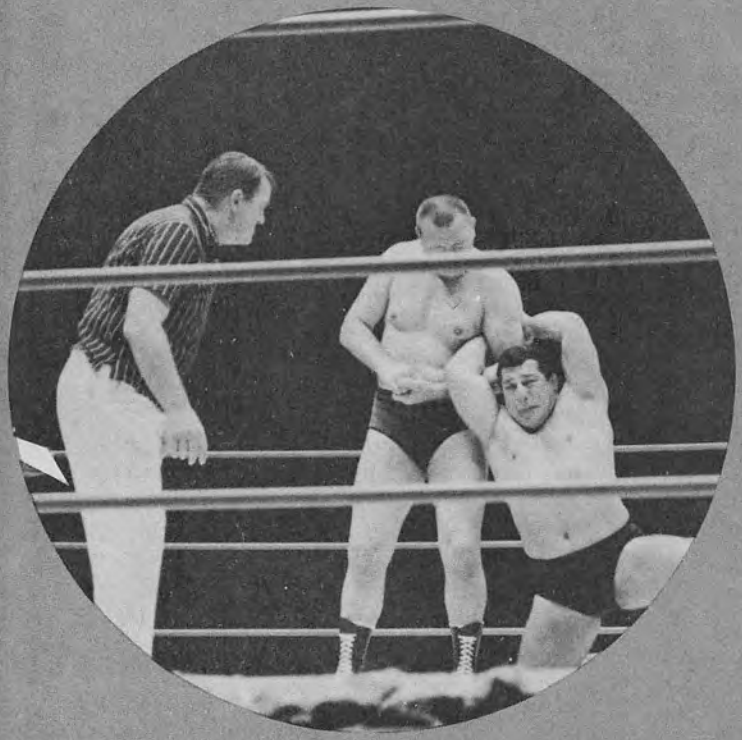
But Hiro Matsuda knows well the elusiveness of opportunity, and seems determined to capture the fleeting mist, ere it fades before his eyes. ♦ ♦ ♦

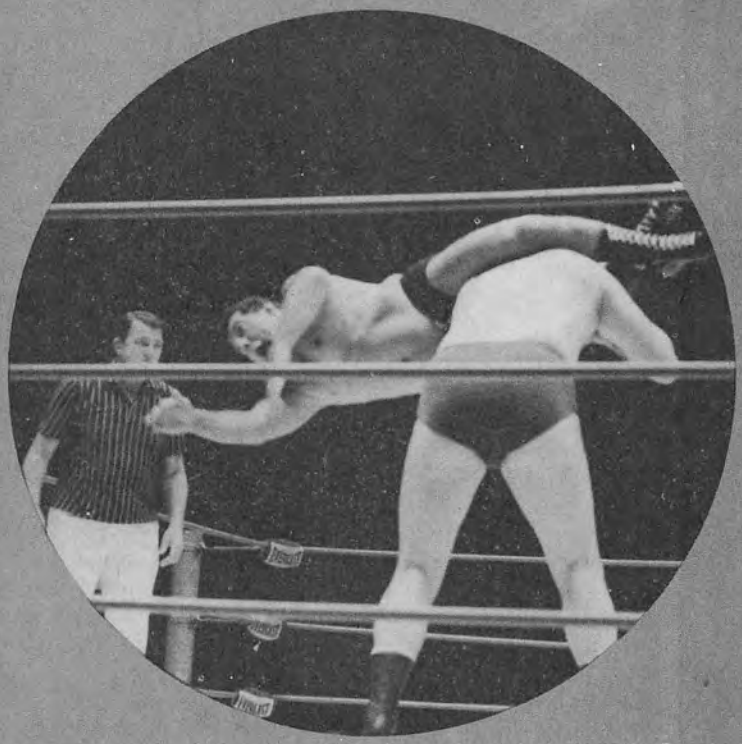
ACTION in Honolulu

Kenji Shibuya howls in pain as Prince Maiava steps on his fingers while trying to mis-direct the attention of the referee.

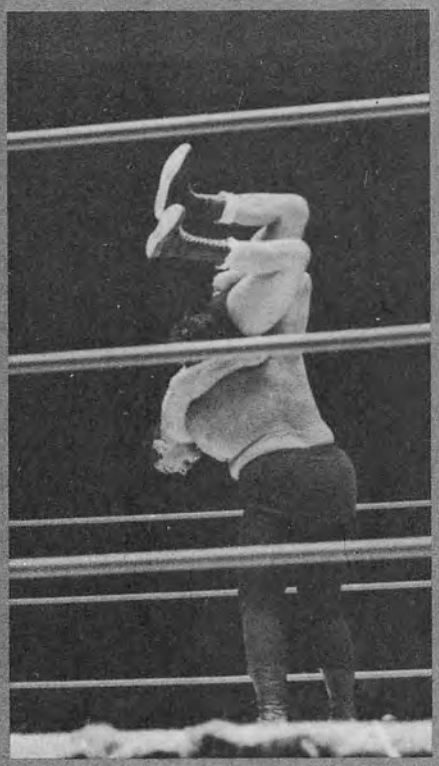


(Left) Magnificent Maurice begs for mercy, but Dino Lanza will have none of it. (Right) Ham Lee delivers a flying double judo chop to Ripper Collins.

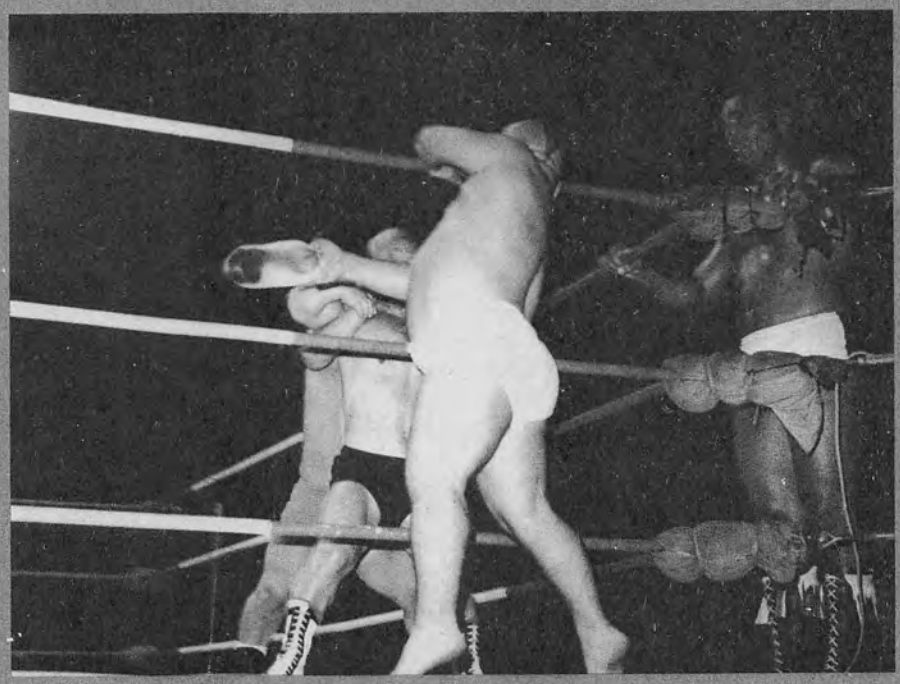




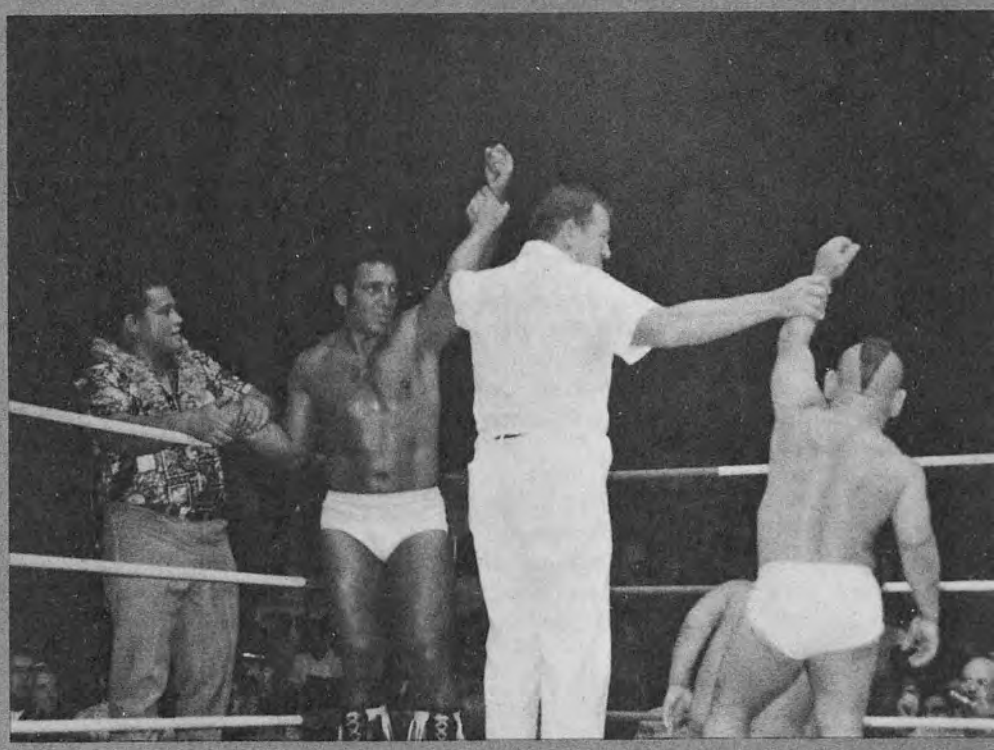
The match between Gene Kiniski and the late Jim Hady was a thriller. Hady died of a heart attack only a few weeks after this bout. His death was shock to his many fans throughout the world.



John Tolos is about to feel the full power of a Curt Iaukea body-slam.



A shoe in the puss for Sky Low Low, delivered by Little Beaver as Beaver's partner, Billy White Wolf, approves.



(Left) Little Beaver is about to dump Sky Low Low for the count. (Above) Beaver and White Wolf have their hands raised in victory.

Fans say they deserve each other...

BY DENNY NATALE

The broad-shouldered Indian sat on a couch in the lobby of a Pittsburgh hotel talking to his manager, counselor, and spokesman, one Wild Red Berry. It would be far more accurate to say that he was listening to Berry, because that is what anyone who comes in contact with the garrulous redhead is forced to do – listen.

I had just barely introduced myself to Bull Ramos, and told him of my assignment to interview him, when Red Berry began a barrage of praise concerning his future champion.

"You don't create men like Bull Ramos; you don't discover them; you recognize them. Bull Ramos has size, strength, knowledge, and the tenacity of a bulldog."

"Of a bull," interrupted Ramos.

"That's right, of a bull," continued Berry. "Naturally, some people talk about a change, but others create one. No man stands on ceremony, but on performance."

"Bull and I trust each other, communicate easily, and our approaches are complementary. Most of all, he's direct, fair, dedicated, and has logic and sense appeal. It isn't necessary to understand his philosophy of life – just respect it."

After rattling off the above in less than thirty seconds, Red recognized someone entering the hotel, excused himself, and headed over to speak with his friend.

I soon discovered one of the reasons the 315-pound Apache acquired Red Berry as his adviser after speaking with him for several minutes. Actually, Ramos is quite soft-spoken and is in direct contrast with his villainous ring image.

Ramos is obviously hesitant to discuss his early life. However, he did admit that he was born 27 years ago on the Apache reservation in San Carlos, New Mexico. Bull participated in football, boxing, baseball, and various other sports in high school and in college at San Marcos, Texas.

Morris Segal, the late Texas matchmaker, first persuaded the 6 foot Indian to try wrestling back in 1963. Ramos started off by fighting the top men and has been doing it ever since. Danny McShane served as the opposition in Bull's first pro exposure.

Ramos toured such southern states as Georgia, Florida, North and South Carolina, and Texas until 1967, when Washington mat mogul Vince McMahon, hearing glowing reports on Ramos' ring ability, contacted the Apache for an East Coast junket. Ramos accepted, and thus far has enjoyed the greatest success of his career in the World Wide Wrestling Federation territory.

"The goal of every wrestler in the world is to appear in the main event in Madison Square Garden. Once you've done that, you can wrestle top shots anywhere in the world. I'm proud to say I fought Bruno there last year."

Ramos has the distinction of appearing in the first main event wrestling bout ever held in the new Madison Square Garden. It was a title match, with Bull coming out on the short end, following a rugged battle.

Ramos is a three hundred plus pounds of lard, according to most fans.

"I'd have to say Bruno is the toughest man I've ever faced because he's in tip-top shape at all times. I fought him several times in the past year and I've never once caught him out of condition. I respect the man, but I still feel I can beat him. Maybe tonight will be the night," said Ramos, on the afternoon of a bout with the WWWF titleholder.

During his twelve-month stay in the Eastern states, Ramos has met virtually every top matman in the area, including George Steele, Victor Rivera, Gorilla Monsoon, Haystack Calhoun, Spiros Arion, and Dr. Bill Miller.

Ramos checks to see if the ref is watching as he works on Bruno Sammartino.

Ramos proved his determination by defeating Miller in one of his first East Coast appearances. The victory impressed those critics who doubted Ramos' ability, as Miller is generally considered to be one of the greatest of current-day wrestlers.

Concerning tag team partners, Bull prefers The Kentucky Butcher, the 300-pound hillbilly grappler. "Butcher is big, strong, powerful, and has some of my style. We get along well because we trust each other." Butcher and Ramos are one of the most rugged tandems in the business, and have done quite well in compiling victories. Their greatest local triumph was over the duo of Bruno Sammartino and The Battman.

Bull and his mentor plot the foul deeds that Ramos will do once in the ring.

A Murderous Merger Brings Together BERRY and RAMOS

Bull's great strength is put to use in a forearm smash against Ernie Lassiter.

Just then, Red Berry re-entered the interview and began sounding off at the mention of The Battman. "Bull Ramos never had to stoop to the shame and sin of hiding behind a mask."

Ramos continued, "This guy is nothing but a gimmick wrestler with no ability. I never used gimmicks and I don't think anyone else should. It detracts from wrestling. Battman is just a wrestler, that's all. He's nothing special.

"I take it you dislike him personally?" I asked.

"Yes, you can say that," replied Ramos, as Berry nodded in agreement.

"But don't you think that some gimmicks add to the popularity of wrestling?" I said. "Like Edouard Carpentier's acrobatics."

"Carpentier jumps around like a cricket in a forest fire," declared Red. "When he hears the name Bull Ramos, he becomes as nervous as a turkey in November."

"Carpentier's a good wrestler," added Ramos, "but he's on the fragile side. Wouldn't you say so, Red?" Berry nodded and both men began laughing.

"Getting back to Bull, though; second to winning the world's championship, his main goal is to be respected as a great athlete. He wants very much to be a good example for the youth to follow," explained Berry.

"If every kid trained like I have to be a wrestler, they would have no time to get into trouble. You have to lead a good clean life," said The Bull.

Up to this point, neither Ramos nor Berry made mention of Col. Homer O'Dell, the man who first imported Ramos and served as his valet during the first few months of his Eastern tour. "Why," I asked Ramos, "did you split with Homer O'Dell?"

"Well, O'Dell was doing a fair job of handling me. I thought he was one of the best managers around, and then I saw Red Berry. I've always admired Red for the great job he's done with Hans Mortier and Gorilla Monsoon. When it was obvious that O'Dell and I didn't see eye to eye, we broke up and went our separate ways. Red, who always did have a great knack for spotting talent, had me under contract in less than a week."

Berry has been working with Ramos to further develop his pet holds. One of them, dubbed by Bull as the "elbow bomb", consists of dropping his 315 pounds across the throat of his hapless foe, with the full force of his right elbow. Needless to say, this maneuver generally signifies the end of the match.

"I'm going to try that hold on Bruno tonight, and if everything works out, it just may win me the world's championship. No one has ever won from me after I've properly applied that hold."

"You be there tonight," crowed Wild Red, "and watch the sensational Bull Ramos knock Bruno Sammartino senseless with just one powerful thrust."

I told them both that I would, and thanked them for their time. "That's quite all right," said Berry. "I always enjoy talking to a representative of WRESTLING REVUE."

That night, a sellout throng showed up to fine out if Bull Ramos was as tough as he and his manger thought he was. Bruno Sammartino, first to enter the ring, was greeted with thunderous applause. Several shrill blasts of Red Berry's whistle signalled the entrance of Bull Ramos into the arena. Boos greeted the Apache, as Berry waved his cane violently, demanding silence during Ramos' introduction.

Berry poked at Sammartino with his weapon during the instructions, and ducked behind Ramos as Bruno tried to get at him. The fans soon began a chant for Berry to leave the ring and the referee complied by ordering him out.

Before departing, Berry aimed a mock blow at Bruno that distracted the Pittsburgh powerhouse long enough to allow Ramos a sneak attack. Bruno was down, the recipient of forearm blows, as the opening bell sounded. For the better part of five minutes Ramos carried the action, swatting at Bruno's face and stomach, while the champion kept backing away in a futile attempt to clear his senses.

As the referee forced Bull to step back, Bruno saw his shot and sent a right fist that caught Ramos directly in the midsection and doubled the Apache up. Now it was Bruno's turn and he softened Ramos up with five kicks to the stomach and an arm haul that sent his foe to the canvas. Each time the challenger would try to rise, Sammartino drove his knee into Ramos' shoulder and forced him back to the mat.

A thumb to the eye of the champion broke the grip and Ramos, favoring the tortured arm, resumed his assault on Sammartino. The two tumbled through the ropes and onto the arena floor in a wild scrap. Bull grabbed a chair and brought the weapon down across Bruno's forehead before the champ was able to shield himself.

Thinking he had ko'd his foe, Ramos scurried back to the ring apron to beat the ten count, but was halted before he could reenter by a metal seat that met his skull with a dull crack. Ramos had underestimated Sammartino.

A groggy Bull Ramos slowly regained his senses and warily returned to the ring, on the heels of

(Continued on page 55)

SCARPA PASSES AT 53

Wrestling which can ill afford to lose one of their few remaining "Super Stars," did so when Frank Scarpia died of heart trouble in the Boston, Mass., City Hospital on Saturday, January 25th, at the age of fifty-three.

Scarpa, who was a native of Boston, has for most of the last ten years been the star attraction in New England. He has been rated as one of the top wrestlers both from the standpoint of box office and as a skillful performer for the past quarter of a century.

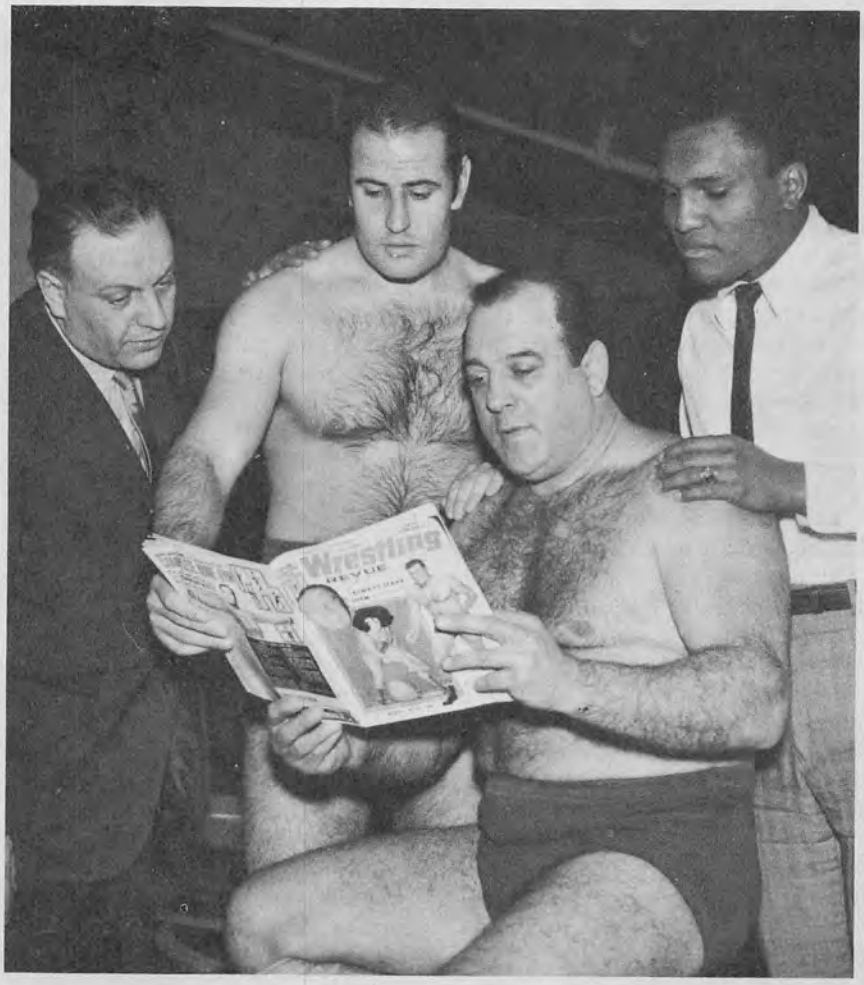
He was well known throughout the wrestling world under his right name of Manuel Cortez during the forties and fifties when he appeared from coast to coast as well as in Canada and Mexico. He once sold out the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles for eighteen straight weeks.

A clever matman, Scarpa wrestled all of the tops stars of the past twenty-five years, including Buddy Rogers, Killer Kowalski, Bull Curry, Johnny Valentine, The Duseks, Yvon Robert, Antonio Rocca, Gene Stanlee, Hans Schmidt, Gypsy Joe Gonzales, Yukon Eric, Chief Don Eagle and Adrian Baillargion.

In his younger days, Scarpa was a "wildman", but after coming to New England he settled down, but would still turn "savage" if fouled by one of his rivals.

The great romance between Frank Scarpa and the New England fans was one of the truly great stories in wrestling. A closeness between a wrestler and his fans. Frank loved them and they in turn worshipped him.

It will be a long time before New England or wrestling comes up with another FRANK SCARPA. ♦ ♦ ♦



The photo of Frank (L) was taken some years ago when he was known as Manuel Cortez. (above) A recent photo of Frank, with promoter Tony Santos, The Baron and Prince Kukuya catching up on the latest wrestling news.

Meet The Honorable KENJI SHIBUYA

BY GEOFF HANSON

The Japanese block-buster, Kinji Shibuya, is internationaly known for his hands, feet and head of steel. Shibuya has been wrestling professionally for the past eight years, holding such titles as the AWA World's Tag Team Championship (with Mitsu Arakawa-Ciclon Negro-Mr. Siato), the AWA United States Championship, Champion of the Americas, etc. He is the only wrestler who has beaten Ray Stevens twice in a row for a title match. Shibuya credits his ability with his practice in judo, karate and the Japanese intellect.

In 1964 with his cousin, Mitsu Arakawa, he held the AWA World's Tag Team Championship longer than any team since Shire and Stevens. As the United States Champion, he held the title for a year and three months!

Mr. Saito (L), and Shibuya in action with Bearcat Wright.

As the Champion of the Americas he held the title for two months. Shibuya lost the title to Fritz Von Erich. "It was a fluke!" exclaims the burly grappler. Shibuya has also held a handful of oriental titles as well as American karate and judo championships.

Shibuya's battles with Bearcat Wright will go down in wrestling history as classics. Shibuya as the United States Champion defended the title against all comers; meeting and defeating them as they came. Such stars as Ray Stevens, Bobo Brazil, Bearcat Wright, Don DeNucci, Wilbur Snider, Dick Stienborn and a host of others were all turned back.

During a brutal battle with Cowboy Billy Watts, both had won a fall and during the third fall Shibuya hit the ropes and was quickly catapulted back. They collided full force and both wrestlers were knocked cold. But Shibuya was lying on Watts for a pin!

Such things brough fans back again and again to see Shibuya beaten. But not until a year and three months after he won the title was he beaten. And when this came he was beaten five times in a row at the Cow Palace by Bill Watts!

Suddenly Shibuya disappeared. He later revealed he returned to Japan for a rest. Soon results showed he was in the Texas-Arizona area and had won the Champion of the Americas title, only to lose to Fritz Von Erich.

Shibuya returned to Northern California with Haru Sassaki to challenge champions Pepper Gomez and Pedro Morales. After numerous attempts they quit.

Shibuya soon found another partner, Japan's Olympic great, Mr. Siato! Shibuya and Siato successfuly defeated Gomez and Moralas two out of three times to win the title. They are presently defending their title belts throughout AWA territory.

Shibuya who usually wins his bouts with dirty doings, karate throat jabs, hair-pulling and karate kicks

The Honorable Kenji Shibuya

Kenji and his partner

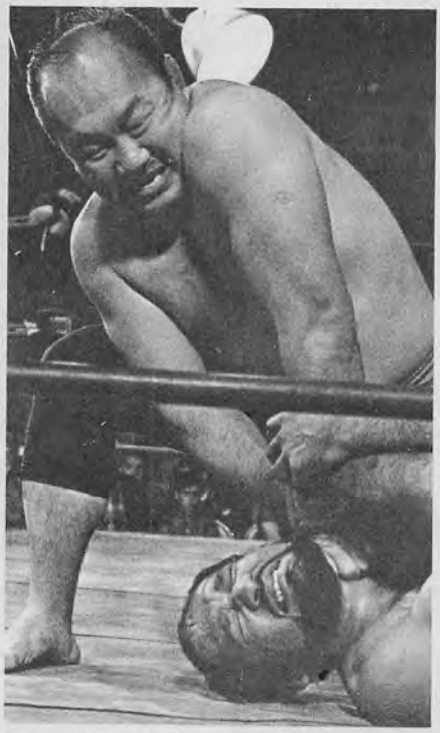
followed by the Japanese sleeper, was once a hero. When Kinji first started he appeared as Soto Keomuka, wrestling by the rules. After a few beatings he changed to a villain and his name to Kinji Shibuya. His name fits him well for it means "Street District." ♦♦♦

You can't beat this for an opening—a lovely young gal, presents the evening's card. (l) Dr. Bill Miller pokes his nose into the pre-match interview between announcer Walt Harris and female star Princess Little Cloud.

Wild TV Action From Oakland

BY JEFF MULLIN

PHOTOS BY JOHN MUIR



Haru Sasaki used his knuckles in an attempt to subdue Ciclon Negro, but Ciclon came back to win.

Each Saturday night on the West Coast, thousands of Northern California wrestling fans drop whatever they are doing and switch on their television sets.

Even an earthquake could not make these dedicated fans miss their favorite program – "National All-Star Wrestling," televised from Station KTVU, located in historic Jack London Square, Oakland.

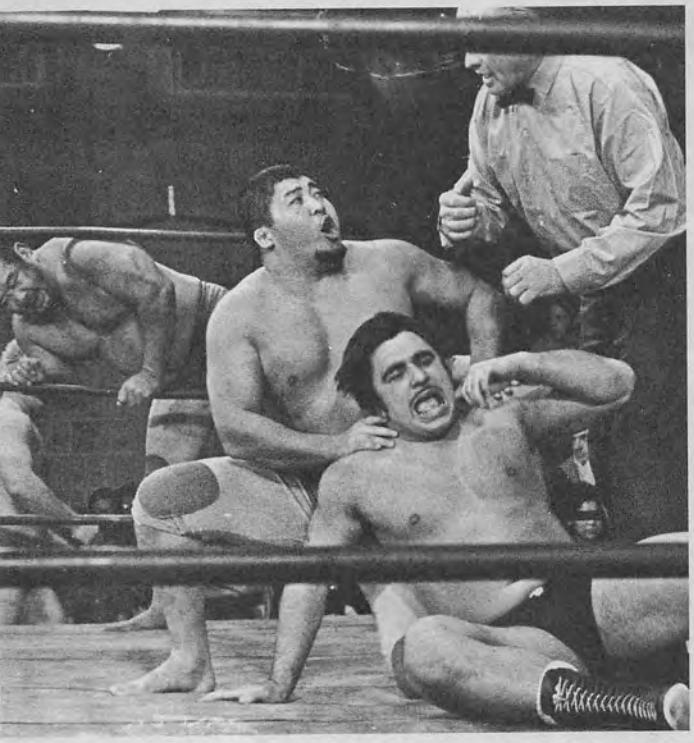
The weekly shows, which are put together by Roy Shires, San Francisco Bay Area's imaginative promoter, generate tremendous excitement and serve to publicize local wrestling events. The program is such a popular one that fans who wish to catch the action at ringside, when it is taped Friday nights, must secure studio tickets several months in advance.

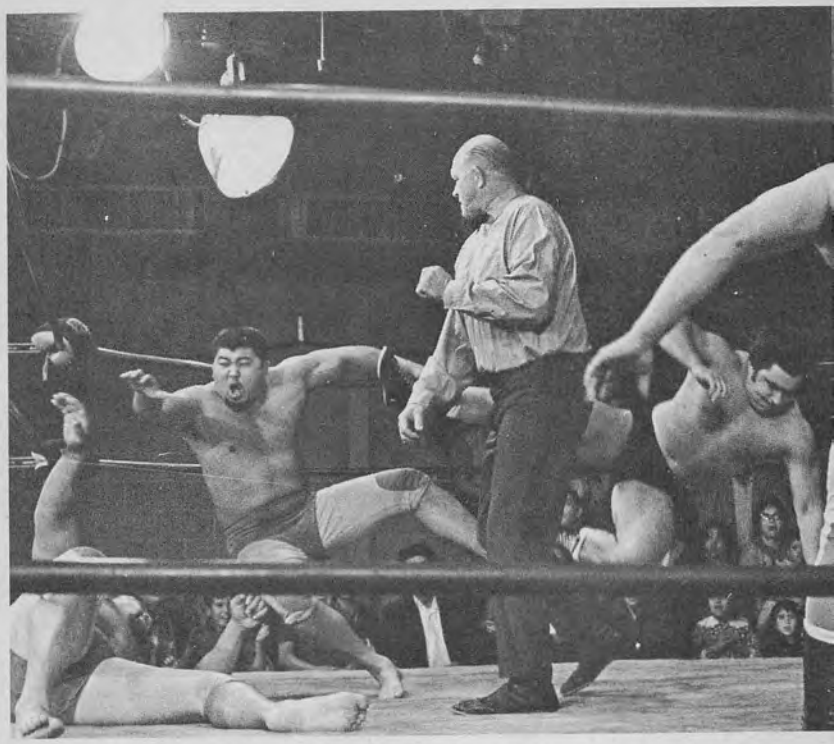
Most often the wildest TV matches precede the big, monthly wrestling cards held across the bay in San Francisco, at the world famous Cow Palace.

True to form, one night last fall, fans were treated to an electrifying video-match which was televised just hours before Ray Stevens and Pepper Gomez met the world tag-team champions, Kenji Shibuya and Mr. Saito, for a title clash at the Palace.

Once arch-enemies, Stevens and Gomez paired up when they discovered they disliked Shibuya and Saito even more than they hated one another. The two teams, along with other grapplers scheduled to wrestle at the Palace, appeared on the Oakland TV show.

It was a riotous night with eye-popping action taking place both inside and outside the squared-circle, as photos snapped from ringside will attest. ♦ ♦ ♦





It was a case of Mayhem when the team of Kinji Shibuya and Mr. Saito took on Art Dominguez and Jerry Monti, The Japanese came out on top after a wild and wooley affair.

Art and Jerry gave out as much as they got, with some fancy footwork by Dominguez taking some of the wind out of Kinji.

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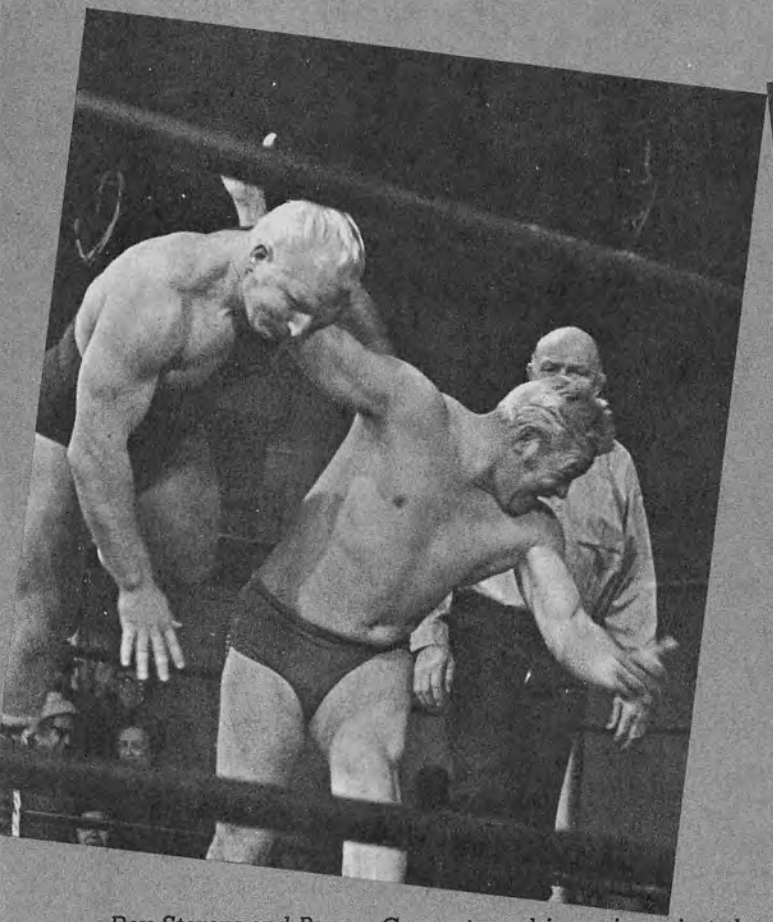
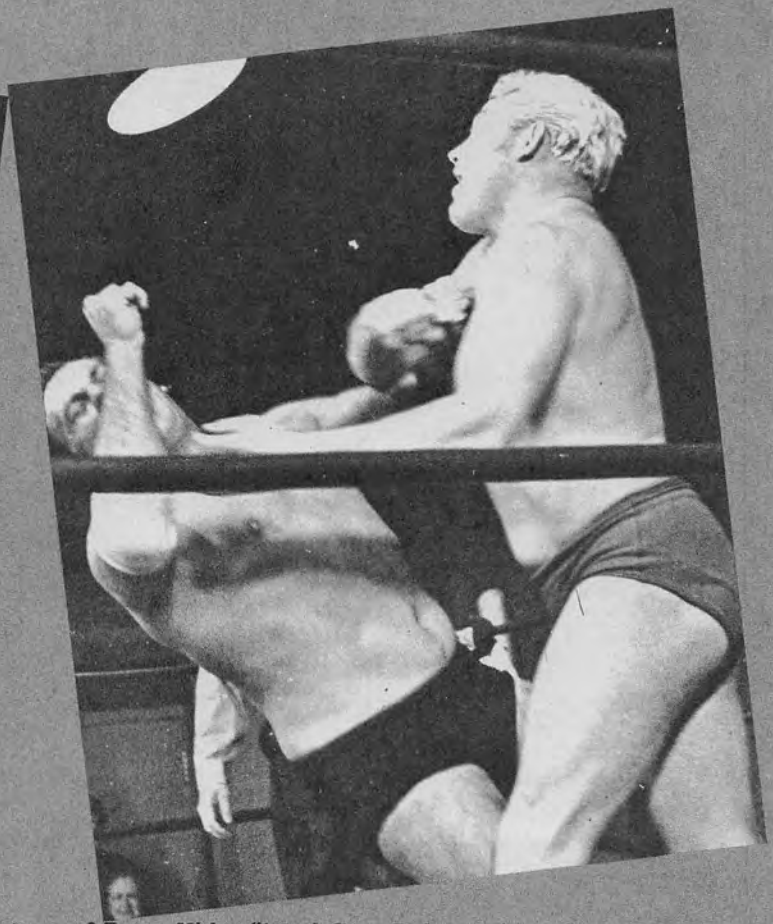
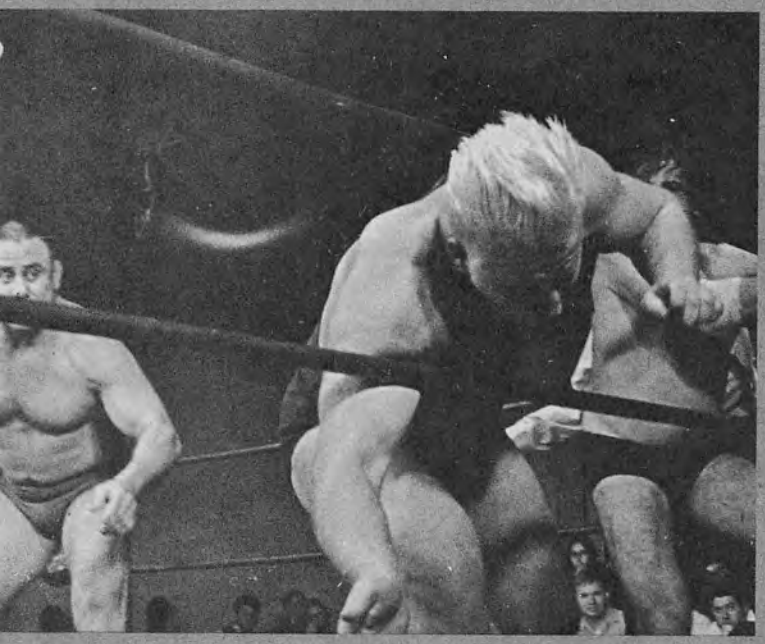
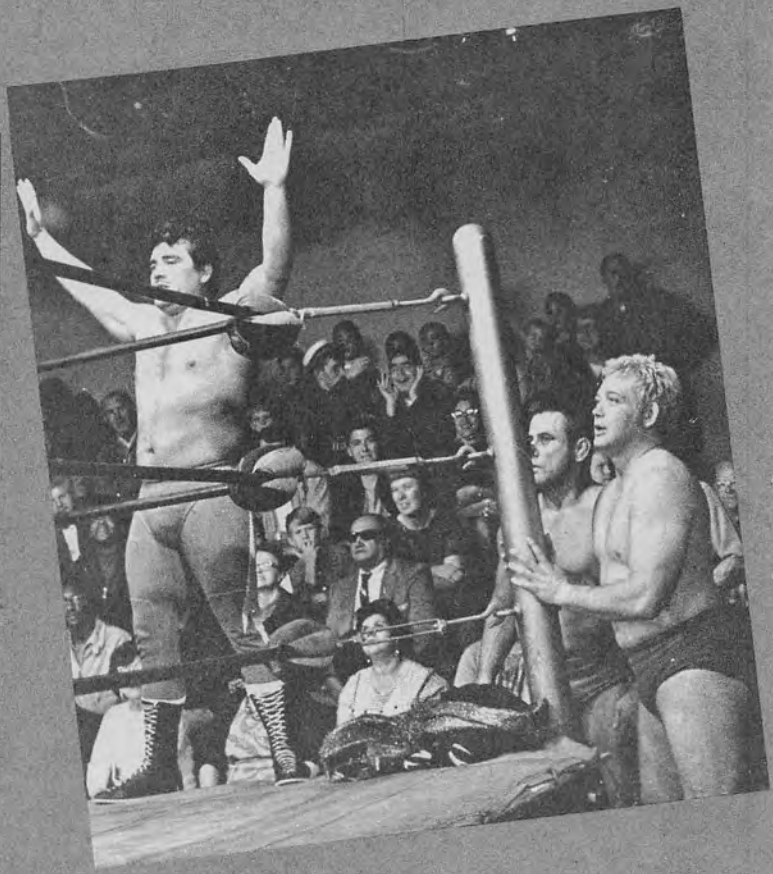




Ray Stevens and Pepper Gomez turned in a win against the team of Roger Kirby (l) and Gene Dubuque (r) each getting clobbered by the "Blond Bomber".





Gomez (l) sends Kirby flying after Roger tried to come to his partner's rescue. (r) Ray and Pepper had acted as seconds for Dominguez and Monti, but their moral support wasn't enough.

She Calls Herself ▸▸▸▸▸▸▶

"QUEEN MAE"

Mae Young is a veteran who still rates tops

Queen Mae and her hand maid Sheeie who prepares the "Queen" for battle.

BY RED HANOVER

It was a regular wrestling card in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, nothing out of the ordinary, except that Princess Little Cloud and the great Mae Young were to wrestle the special event for the evening and each wrestler had a special attendant with her.

Queen Mae, as usual, had her valet, Sherrie, and Princess Little Cloud had Jean Antone. In came Queen Mae, with her music to walk by, following Sherrie, spraying perfume all the way into the ring. Every corner and every ring post must be sprayed, then the Queen made her entrance, after which her hands and feet were sprayed.

Then she walked around the ring, strutting slowly in time to the music, taking out one hairpin at a time and throwing them to the crowd for a souvenir.

The crowd was booing and throwing the pins back at her when Mae finally decided to go to the center of the ring where referee Pat O'Connor, once holder of the world heavyweight belt, and still a mighty fine wrestler, and Little Cloud and Jean Antone were waiting.

Then it started. Sherrie tried to spray the Princess and Antone with her perfume. Not to be outdone, Jean Antone let fly with some spray deodorant she had brought along. All hell broke loose in the ring. Finally, Pat O'Connor got things settled down.

One rule that had been made for this match was that a pair of boxing gloves be brought to the ringside, one for each second to wear. Sherrie and Queen Mae didn't like this but finally

she agreed to wear hers. The bell rang for the one fall, 15-minute time limit match.

Things went in favor of one, then the other, with no one able to get the upper hand, as Sherrie tried to help Mae and Jean tried to stop her. Suddenly Sherrie jumped into the ring and hit Little Cloud with the gloved fist, which happened to be her right. The referee didn't see the punch, so the Princess was counted out, losing the match.

But Jean Antone saw it, and started to protest. Before she could tell Pat what had happened, Sherrie let Jean have it with another right and Jean went down. In a short time Jean was back on her feet, and boy, was she mad! She chased both Mae and Sherrie into the dressing room. Jean is a southern belle, with brown hair, but she should have been a redhead – she's that hot-tempered.

Jean then challenged Queen Mae to any kind of a match she could get, and the terms they set up called for the first Death Match ever held in Iowa. Rules for the match, held in Cedar Rapids, stipulate no time limit, no disqualification, falls do not count, and one girl must be able to continue after a one minute rest.

Promoter Larry Lewis signed both girls to a contract, and on the big night, a turnaway crowd was on hand.

On one side of the ring was Queen Mae Young, tipping the scales at a solid 145 pounds. A veteran of 24 years in the squared circle, she had been wrestling since she was five or six years old. At that time, her uncle, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, started to show her everything he knew about wrestling. As he was a five-time world champion, who knew just about all there is to know about wrestling, fair or foul, Mae learned the sport from A to Z. In fact, she even ran a school for wrestlers, both men and women. She taught some of the all-time greats such as June Byers, Nell Stewart, and world champ, The Fabulous Moolah. Mae turned pro on March 22, 1940, in High Point, N.C., and took the United States women's championship from Kathy Starr. She still holds the championship.

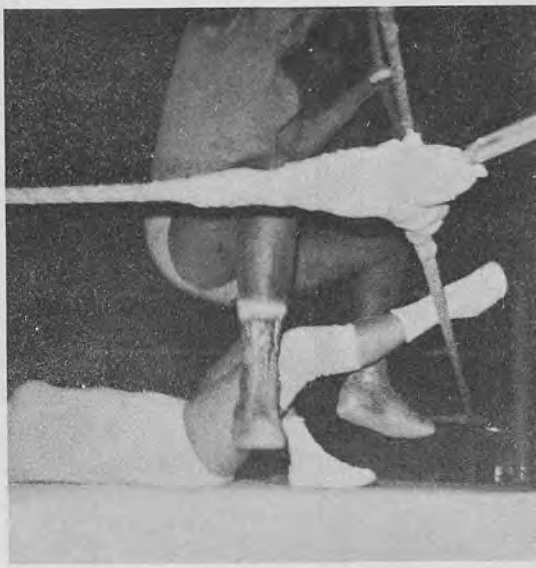
Across the ring from Queen Mae was the Little Tigress, Jean Antone, who stands 4'11½" – and don't forget the half-inch, Jean says. A 150-pounder with a fantastic build, she is one of the nicest persons you could meet – outside of the ring. Inside of it, it's a different story. Jean is quick as a cat and uses her speed and stamina to wear her opponents down. Her favorite is the drop kick.

When Queen Mae made her entrance for the Death Match, with the same spraying of perfume and

Things don't look good for Mae, as Jean Antone has her in a head-lock.

Kay Noble is flipped by the "Queen".

Using the ropes for leverage is a favorite trick of Mae's, as can been seen against Kay Noble (L) and Jean Antone (R).



strutting around, you could see that Jean was still boiling over from what had happened the week before.

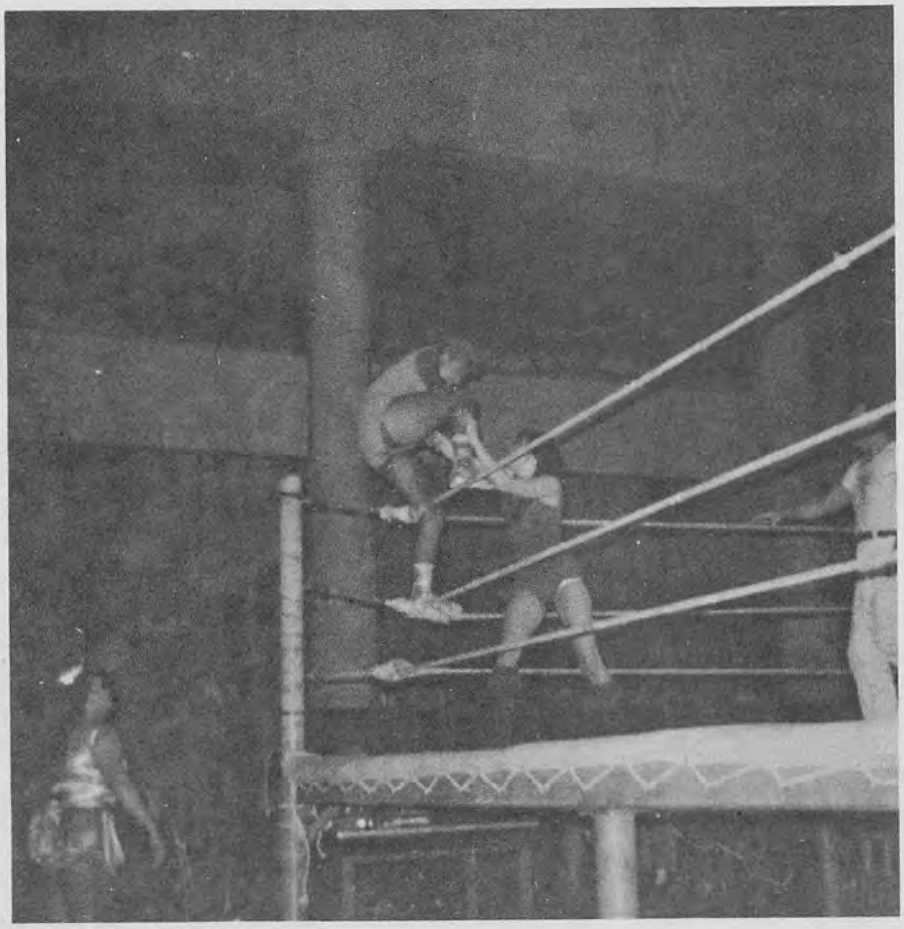
Just before the bell was to ring, Jean jumped out of the ring and demanded that Sherrie be thrown out of the auditorium. Mae and Sherrie objected, but promoter Larry Lewis wanted the girls to stop the screaming and screeching, and ordered the police to escort Sherrie out, leaving Mae fuming.

The bell rang, and Jean came out with all her fury. Mae couldn't handle her. Jean was walking all over her. First she got a head hold, then an arm bar twist. Then a right to the nose. Jean had no trouble pinning Mae for the first fall. Queen Mae answered the bell for the next fall, but it was the same story – it was all Jean again. Jean pinned Mae again, for the second fall, but remember, falls didn't count under the rules, and Mae was ready to go again when the bell sounded.

Then Mae stopped Jean. She drove in on her, working her over, hitting her, then kicking her. She opened a cut on Jean's forehead, and Jean began to bleed. Mae worked on the cut, keeping it open the rest of the match. Mae did leg drops with Jean's leg on the ropes. The referee, John Lopez, was not able to stop her. Then she pinned Jean for the count. Queen Mae was not satisfied here; she kicked Jean out of the ring onto the floor. Jean couldn't answer the bell to start the next fall, so this gave the match to Mae.

Jean had to be carried to the dressing room by the referee and got first aid for her wound. Later on, Jean vowed to get Mae the next time out. "She's the meanest, dirtiest wrestler I know, but I can be just as mean," she said.

Queen Mae laughed when friends told her she'd better look out for Jean next time. "Next time I'll beat her even worse," she said. And as for Fabulous Moolah, the world champ, she had this to say: "You know, I was the one who taught her everything she knows. She'll never see the day she can pin me to the mat!" ♦ ♦ ♦



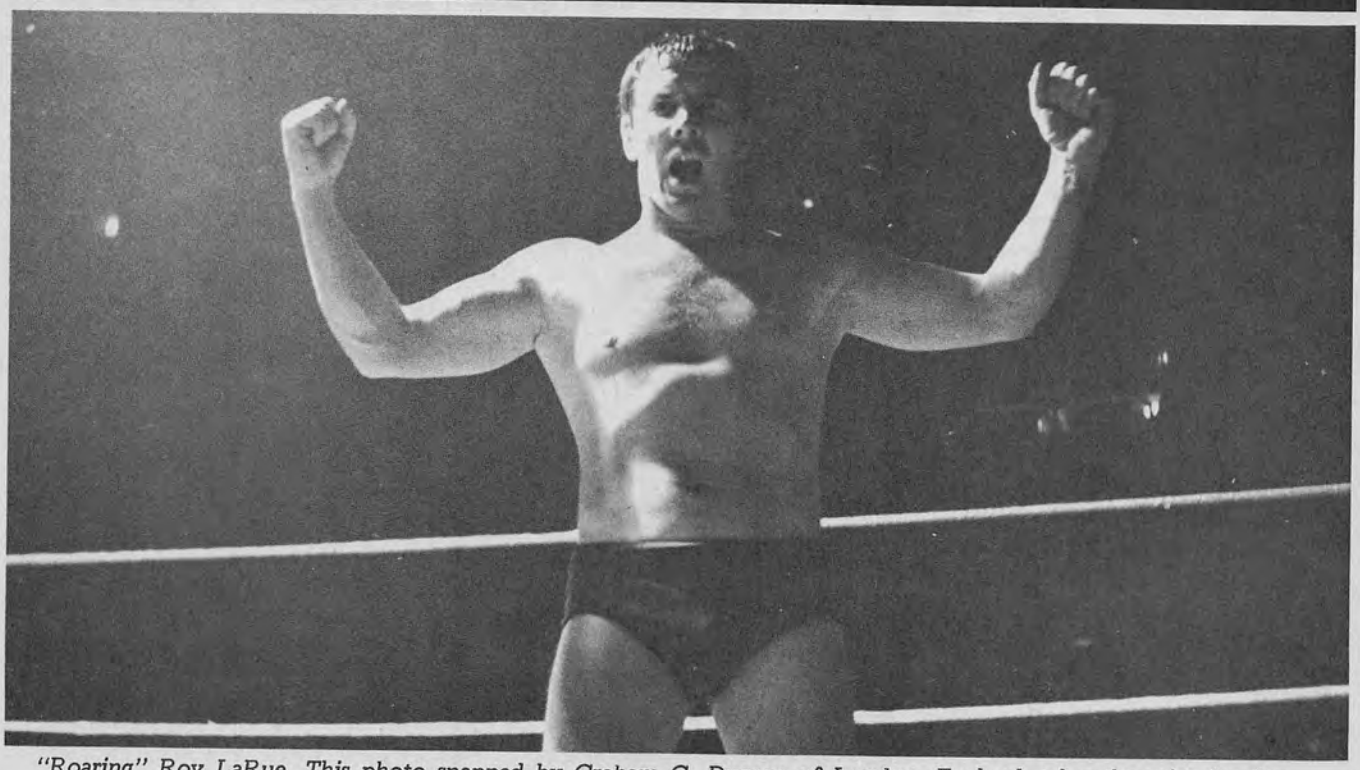
Sheeie looks on as Mae and Princess Little Cloud go at it.

FANS' CANDID CORNER

In recent months we have been receiving more and more pictures from you fans out there for our contest. Not only has the volume of entries increased but the quality of the pictures has improved greatly, too. In response, we have decided to do something about it. And this is it . . .Starting with this issue, the Fans' Candid Corner will become a monthly feature. We will pick out one picture each month as the PICK OF THE PICTURES and this photo will receive a BONUS of $5.00 instead of the usual $2.00 for being selected. In addition, each monthly photo will be eligible for selection as PHOTO OF THE YEAR, which will be worth $25.00. So come on, get out your camera, and start clicking away.

Remember, any photos of wrestling, or about wrestling, or connected with wrestlers or wrestling are eligible. All photos become the property of WRESTLING REVUE and cannot be returned.

Send a complete caption with the photo. along with your name and address, to FANS' CANDID CORNER—Wrestling Revue, 303 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

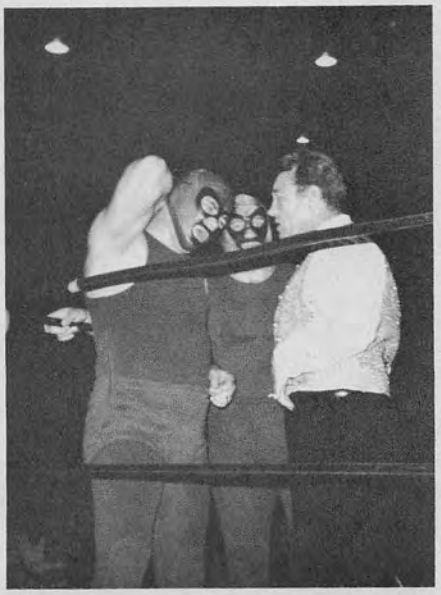


"Roaring" Roy LaRue. This photo snapped by Graham G. Duggan of London, England, takes the prize for the "Photo of the Month."

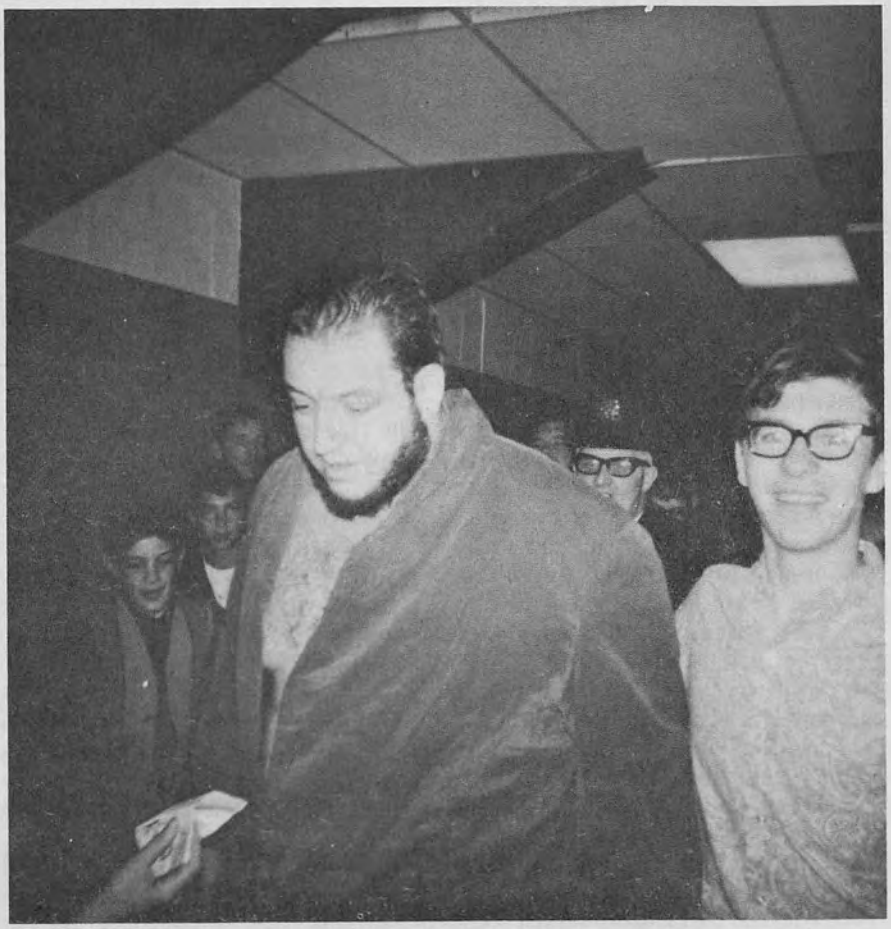
Jonnie DeWyn Haret of Tulsa, Okla., got this prize-winning shot of one of our younger fans.

Patty Plourde of Portland, Me., snapped Johnny Tzinas on way to the ring.

A confab between J. C. Dykes and The Infernos, snapped by Don Wilson of Cross Plains, Texas.



(Above) Brad McFarlin of Dearborn, Mich., caught Lorenzo Parente signing autographs for his fans. (Below) Gorilla Monsoon gets a pat on the back. This photo was sent in by Vag Mosca of Belmont, Mass.



Larry Collins of Tampa, Fla., sent along this shot of Bob Orton with two of his female admirers.

In this second part of his colorful story, Norm Hartford reveals why the Strangler Lewis-Joe Stecher match was called off, and recounts some hilarious episodes in his life among matdom's greats.

Vincent Lopez

MY TWENTY YEARS INSIDE WRESTLING

BY NORM HARTFORD

"Carnation Lou" Daro and his brother Jack.

On the opening morning of the advance seat sale the fans were lined up for a block and over $10,000 in ringside seats were sold.

But Sandow evidently felt that at the Olympic with Daro as promoter Lewis wouldn't receive an even break, especially from perhaps a hostile referee. At any rate, a few weeks before the match Sandow reported that Lewis, training at nearby Garden Grove, had fallen out of a tree and broken his arm. So the match was off. Sandow's fears of an unfriendly referee in the ring could have been well founded because a winner can be disqualified on a foul, whether guilty or not. This occurred in the match we had between Pesek and Stecher which hit the front page headlines of Los Angeles newspapers. But more about that later.

All was not serious around a wrestling headquarters and with our United Nations of races, colors and creeds we had some belly laughs. The biggest clown of all was my boss, "Carnation Lou" Daro, a stocky character who had been a trapeze performer, a strong man in European and American circuses, later a wrestler. Daro was quick of wit and had a way of using psychological tricks on wrestlers when he was signing them to contracts, usually for less than they were worth.

Dan Koloff, the "Bulgarian Lion," a powerful but kindly man, was winning his matches and becoming quite a box office attraction when he walked in one day to sign his contract for a match. Daro gave him a worried look and said sadly, "I'm sorry Dan, but you can't wrestle next week."

"What's wrong?" asked the surprised Koloff.

"I'll explain," said Daro. "I've been

Reginald Siki

getting complaints about the hair on your chest. You know you look like a gorilla with that big mat of black hair. It's indecent. It was all right when the fans were all men but now the women are attending the shows. They're complaining."

Koloff frowned and protested there was nothing wrong with his prized chest adornment. Daro insisted it was indecent exposure. Then Daro opened a drawer of his desk and drew forth a barber's clippers and a razor. "Take off your shirt Dan," he ordered.

The Bulgarian Lion backed around the room with Daro in pursuit, both of them serious, then giggling. Finally Daro said he would let Koloff go ahead and wrestle but only against his better judgment. Koloff gladly signed the contract without mentioning extra money.

One day Daro said to Reginald Siki, the "Black Abyssinian Panther," "Siki, look at that clock on the wall ticking away. Don't you think it would be great to earn $1 a minute?"

"Yassah, I gues it would," said Siki.

"Well, that's what I'm going to pay you for wrestling Renato Gardini of Italy next week, one dollar a minute, $30 for a thirty minute match."

Siki got the idea. "No, no," he protested. But Daro had made his point and started in a good bargaining position. Of course, Siki was paid a couple of hundred instead of a mere $30.

George Kotsonaros, the rough-house Greek, used to come into our office, ask if he could use the phone and call his home. In what he thought was a disguised voice, but

which anybody in the world could recognize, he used to growl to his pretty wife at the other end, "Hello is George there? He ain't home? Well you tell the beeg steef when I catch him I'm gonna brack his nack." Then he would hang up, roaring with laughter, confident that he had his wife worried and mystified. She, of course, was humoring him, going along with the gag. Nobody could mistake that voice or accent.

I started writing publicity for Jim Londos in 1924 when he first became our star attraction at the Olympic. A former San Francisco bus boy, Londos was a comparatively small man but beautifully built. It was one set of photos we took of him on the roof of the Security Bank Building one day in Los Angeles that helped make Jim famous. Londos had just gotten a beautiful tan and we called in Charley Strite, a great sports photographer, to take a dozen pictures of Jim in action against a training partner and posing flexing his muscles. The outdoor photos showed off his physique in classic style and for 20 years afterward they were the pictures of Londos most published all over the world. We billed him as the "Greek God" and "Greek Adonis" after that. With his wrestling ability and ring personality he drew some of our largest crowds, especially against Joe Stecher, the champion, and Nick Lutze, then a fair-haired favorite of women fans.

I came to know Londos very well personally. He had a profound, brilliant mind, was well read on the classics and Greek history and could intelligently discuss nearly any subject. He was quietly spoken and rather reticent, but a smart business bargainer and gave my boss, Lou Daro, some rough moments when haggling over finances. Londos took excellent care of himself and from outward appearances was frugal. When he and I went across town to a newspaper office for an interview with a sports editor, such as Harry Grayson, Eddie Frayne or Mark Kelly, Londos would prefer to walk, at a killing pace with me running along behind, rather than spend the car fare. I always thought it was a matter of saving the dime but he said he preferred the exercise. At any rate he must have quit the ring very wealthy as he wrestled often for many years. Jim was a bachelor for so long we were happy to see him marry such a charming girl and settle down to raise a family.

Stecher, with his scissors, seemed to have an edge on Londos whose specialty was a reverse headlock, but when the Nebraska farmer faded it wasn't long until Jim took the title.

When Daro finally clinched a championship match between Stecher and John Pesek the Olympic was packed to the rafters. In the ringside and loge sections were Holywood male stars and actresses dripping jewels and robed in mink, rubbing elbows with bootleg barons of the prohibition era sitting next to federal court judges and the "who's who" of the city. It was a big night.

As timekeeper I had a closeup of this epochal match. Stecher got the first fall with a body scissors, Pesek the second with a double wristlock and head scissors. They were wrestling along toward the two-hour time limit when suddenly Pesek got behind the champion and applied a hammerlock. They were down on the canvas with Pesek putting on the pressure. Sweat poured from Stecher's face and he groaned in agony. I could hear Pesek snarling, "Give up you so-and-so or I'll break your arm." Then it happened. Referee Tommy Travels patted the back of Pesek in token of victory – a new world champion.

Pesek released the hold and leaped to his feet. When Stecher arose, holding his injured arm, Referee Travers walked over and calmly raised Stecher's – not Pesek's – arm in token of victory.

All hell broke loose. Men jumped into the ring and shouted at the referee who walked around muttering something to those demanding an explanation. When the wrestlers, seconds and referee left, the huge crowd refused to disperse, throwing everything not nailed down into the ring and shouting like an angry mob for the referee's scalp. We officials beat a hasty retreat, fearing violence, but the throng did not go for hours.

The next day the front pages of Los Angeles newspapers ran screaming headlines about the match, quoting Travers as saying Pesek had used the illegal stranglehold in addition to the hammerlock and therefore Stecher had won on a foul. It demonstrated that in wrestling, as well as boxing, the third man in the ring can prove the difference.

The Zbyszko brothers, Stanislaus and Wladek, had been prominent in the sport for many years before I started writing their publicity in the 20's. Old Stanislaus, affectionately known as Stanley, had been world champion and even then was on in

(Continued on page 54)

John Pesek

The Man Mountain Builds His Own Mountain

Jim "Man Mountain Dean Jr." poses with his pretty cavern guide, Mary Linardi, in front of the new sign and also before the entrance to the Caverns. The one with the beard is Dean. The Mountain is in the background.

BY JEANETTE HEISER

For more years then he cares to admit Jimmy Dean thrilled generations of wrestling fans all over the world with his exciting style of grappling. Known first as Man Mountain Dean Jr., and then later as The Mighty Jumbo, he appeared in rings from coast to coast and in many a foreign land.

His great size, between four hundred and five hundred-fifty pounds, depending on what diet he was on, made him a easily recognizable figure. When he hung up his wrestling togs a few years ago, he was missed by the fans and many have written to WRESTLING REVUE asking about him.

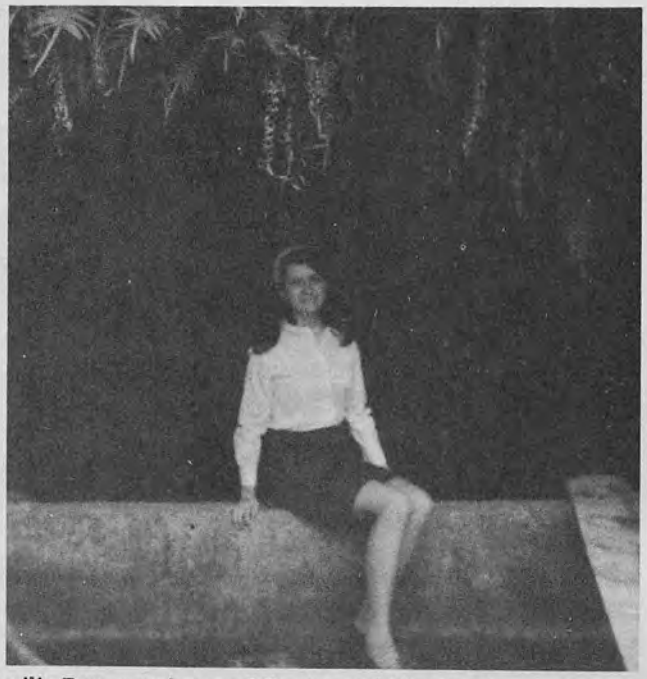
After all, when a man his size leaves the scene, quite a hole is left!

Well, some six years ago he purchased the Ocala Caverns, on highway 301 outside of Ocala, Fla.

The Caverns, the only ones in the "Sunshine State" and one of the few in the world to offer an underground boat ride, are a must-see attraction for those visiting the northern part of

(Continued on page 59)

(L) Mary sits upon one of the huge signs that will be put up to advertise the Caverns.



(R) At the entrance to the Devil's Den, a real case of Beauty and The Beast.

BY MOHAMAD HANIF

GEORGE WALKER - "The Blond Canadian Panther"

The name of Canadian-born George Walker may not mean much to the present-day fans, but during the thirties he was a rage. Born of Irish parentage, this 16 stoner, nick-named "The Blond Canadian Panther," met nearly all of the good ones in his time.

The love for wrestling came when he was a youngster and at School he was given a licking. When he came home his grandfather called him and gave him his first lesson on wrestling as his best self-defence. It was to become his daily chore after that pasting. When he travelled with his grand-dad to a tough logging camp at North Bay, 400 miles from Ottawa, he had his first wrestling match against a tough, heavier lumber-jack. Walker only weighed 10 stones, and said only science helped him to win, for grandfather always told him that science always toppled brawn. Since then he concentrated on scientific methods to down his opponents.

Walker sports a beautiful pair of cauliflower ears—trademarks of his profession.

He wrestled for a few years as a light heavyweight and defeated many who later held the light heavy championship. But to George Walker it was the heavyweight championship.

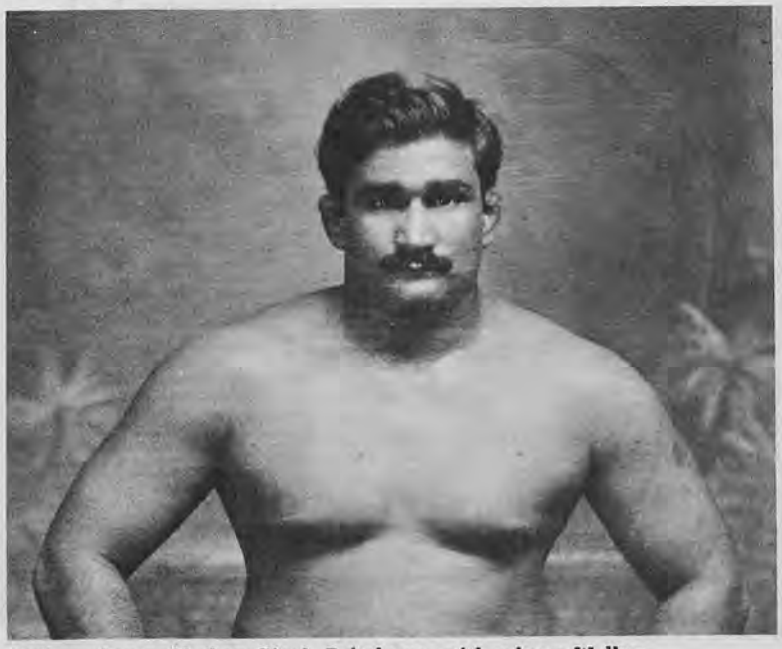
For seven years he toured America with the famous Barnum and Bailey Circus, and later with the Jack Dempsey troupe. Wrestler Walker took on all comers. He made a solo barnstorming tour of the United States, and for two years he was undefeated, which earned him a tilt at the world's champion, the scissor king, Joe Stecher. They wrestled for 2 hours, 5 minutes. George lost by one fall, secured by the champion in 1 hour, 56 minutes.

He defeated the world's light heavy champion twice in 10 minutes, both times in non-title bouts. George says the title was not worth holding. "But I seemed to be fated never to win the world's heavyweight championship, for every time I beat some one, off he goes to win the title". Two were Jim Browning and the Mormon Flash Dean Detton of Utah. Walker beat Browning twice, and Jim went on to win the title. In New Zealand he beat Detton six times in the early thirties, and Detton went on to win the championship.

But a draw with the Nebraska Tigerman John Pesek gave more pleasure to Walker than if he had won the world championship. Walker commented about Pesek: "He was the greatest. The world will never see one like him again. He was just like a tiger. For some may not agree, but I know that with a fair referee he would take all the wrestlers that came to New Zealand and beat them all the same night, one after the other. He was a real wrestler."

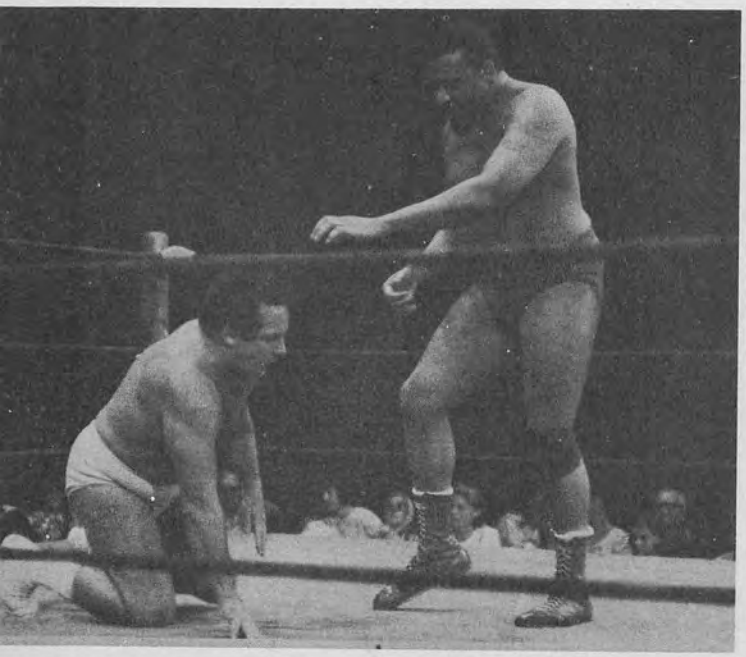
(Continued on page 58)

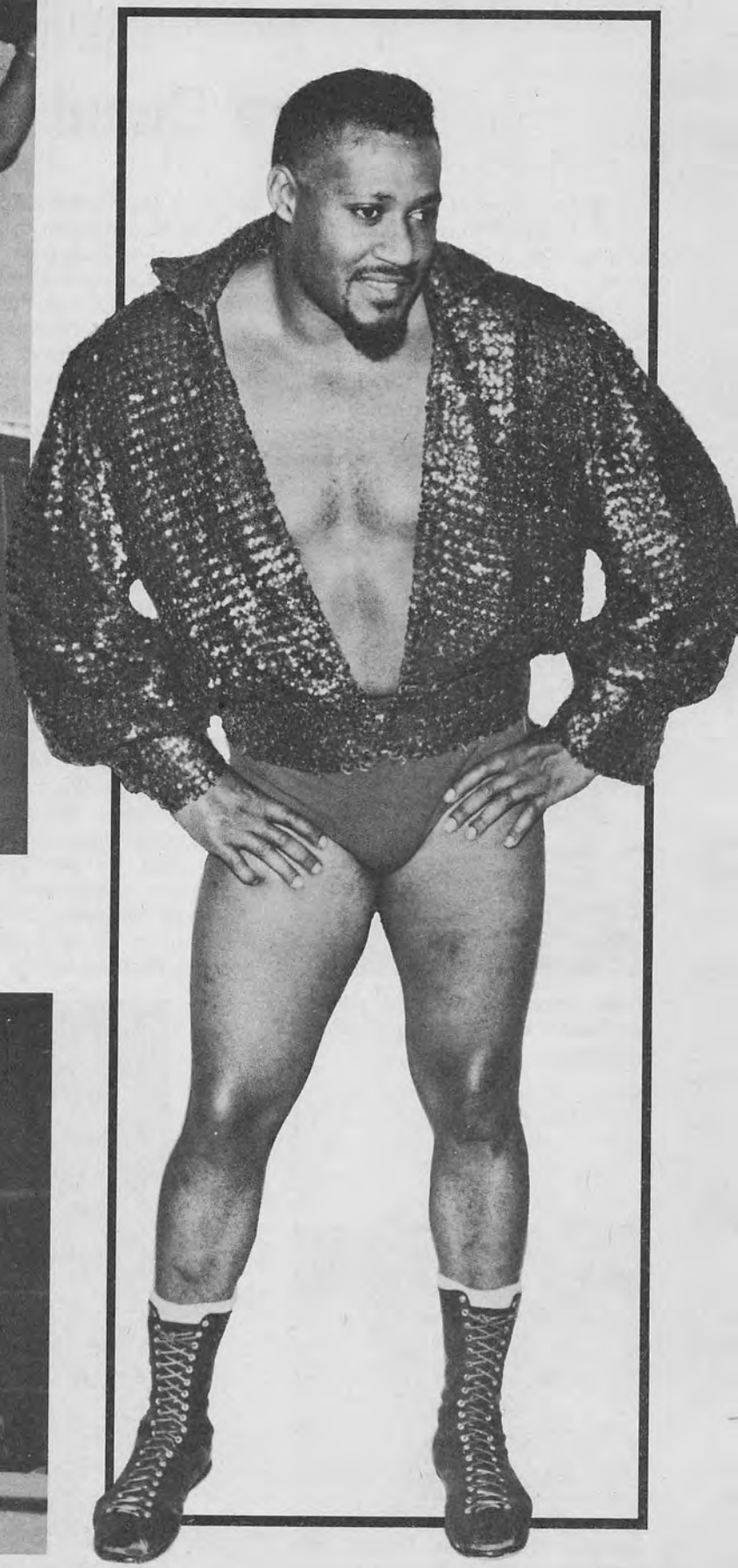
American star Dean Detton, who could not master Walker. George beat him six times.



Indian champ Harban Singh Pahelwan, with whom Walker had four great battles. Each won once and there were two draws.

Patterson and Brute Bernard, a pair of "Meanies".





Thunderbolt gets ready for some knee action against popular Aussie idol Len Holt

The "Thunderbolt" took to flight as the going got a bit rough against Spiros Arion.

THUNDERBOLT PATTERSON

He's Really With It...

BY GLENDA WILLIAMS

"Like, what's actually happenin'?" This was the opening line from Thunderbolt Patterson, the Sweet Man, upon my arrival for a pre-arranged interview. His 'way-out' manner of speech is well-known, along with his prowess with the ropes, in spite of his relatively short career to date. Don't take nothin' away from this guy – man, he's sure got what it takes.

Not so long ago, in 1965, to be exact, the wrestling enthusiasts of Independence, Iowa, were regaled with a series of matches featuring Patterson. The first of these matches saw Bob Geigel as his opponent. Fans were amazed when informed that these were his first matches, most being of the opinion that he's been around for many years. Certainly his outstanding performances belied his lack of experience. Today the Sweet Man has proven, as expected, to be one of the top grapplers in existence.

There are many qualities essential for a participant to be worthy of being called a wrestler. A professional wrestler is a dedicated person, experienced in all the qualities necessary for the sport, including determination, showmanship, crowd-psychology, strength, speed, agility and a definite knowledge of holds whether he be portraying a villain or a hero.

I haven't covered the above in detail as space won't allow it, but Thunderbolt Patterson can, with all honesty, call himself a professional wrestler. Born in Los Angeles on July 8th, Patterson was a big boy who eventually grew into his present solid frame of 6' – 250 lbs.

As a boy he had a hard tough life but learnt to overcome all difficulties just as he does in the ring today. He was an excellent student, but like most boys preferred to play sport whenever the opportunity arose. Patterson specialised in football and track, but wrestling was always given first preference. He recalls, "I doubt if there was ever a *Y* tourney held that I wasn't in – wrestling was in my blood then as it is now and probably always will be."

Later, following his marriage to his charming wife, Inez, Patterson became the proud father of four children. They moved to Amarillo, Tex., and it was there that a strong bond of friendship grew between Thunderbolt and family and his neighbour, Karl 'Killer' Kox and family.

I asked if he wished to see his boy become a wrestler. He replied, "Education must come first. Once he has a good education then he can do what he'd like, and if he decided he wanted to wrestle, I'd help him all I could."

When he retires, Patterson plans to take it easy. "If I don't have enough money in another ten years then I'll never get it," he says. "I'll settle down on a small piece of land and enjoy life with my family."

Thunderbolt had one of the tightest schedules of his career on a trip to Australia. "I rarely had any spare time – but when a wrestler is as popular with the fans as I am, this is to be expected. My great talent is requested regularly." As is obvious, he is not the modest type.

Many fans don't realise just how hard a life some of their idols live. Very few hold the glamour and excitement their followers like to believe. To dispel any disbeliefs allow me to show you just how busy Jim

A Happy Winner-Thunderbol Patterson.

Barnett keeps his boys on a visit to Australia.

Monday – Geelong or Adelaide. Tuesday – Off or Yallourn. Wednesday – Brisbane or Newcastle. Thursday – Wollongong or Hornsby. Friday – Sydney. Saturday – Melbourne. Sunday – Melbourne.

In addition to the above appearances at the stadiums, there are TV shows either live or taped scheduled for each day except Tuesday.

At numerous intervals throughout the interview, I had to contend with a large amount of bragadoccio, which was to be expected. While Patterson certainly has a high opinion of himself and let me know about it in no uncertain terms, he had a world of praise for none other than Dory Funk Sr., although he has a great personal dislike for him. To my mind he is the toughest in the business today. Outside of myself I'd have to say he is also the roughest and I have more respect for him than anyone else, and Bob Geigel would also rate alongside him.

"Now let me say somethin' ", he put in. "I'm sick and tired of all those females hangin' around the Sweet Man and tellin' me that with my good looks and fine physique I should rassle clean. Don't you all realize that we're living in a world where you either strike first or be cut down? Man, like I love to rassle, and I try to do my best to win at all costs."

I told him I had heard about his match with Gene Kiniski in Amarillo during October, 1967, to which he added plenty. "That match is the most memorable I've had. It was a best-of-three falls title bout and I was disqualified for doin' nuttin'." I interrupted with, "No one is disqualified for doing nothing, – you sure you didn't go against the rules, use a foreign object, maybe, or . . ."

He stopped me right there with a look that would have made Atlas tremble. "You dare to call the Sweet Man a liar?" he shouted. "I wouldn't stoop to low tactics. I tell ya I did nuttin', nuttin', ya hear?"

I assured him I had heard and quickly changed the subject to one that was less damaging to my ears. "What titles have you held?" I asked. "Let me see now, just to mention a few there's the W.W.A. Tag Title I won with Alberto Torres in 1966 from Gorilla Monsoon and El Mongol, the N.W.A. Title and the Texas Brass Knuckles Title I won from Dory Funk Jr. in 1967.

"I usually prefer to work alone rather than in team matches. I've enjoyed considerable success with Kox, Torres and Monroe but I like to enjoy all the glory when I win. The shouts of the fans are like music to my ears." Those shouts he mentioned aren't always sweet music either. In spite of Patterson's insistence that the fans have too much respect for him to interfere in his matches, I know of many cases when his 'followers' have attacked him with ill-intent. The majority of his injuries, however, are confined to the ropes during the not-soon-to-be-forgotten bouts he often participates in.

Patterson doesn't have any favourite hold or maneuver. "The first hold I find myself in a position to apply is my favourite, but I consider a well applied spinning toe hold to be the most dangerous and that's the baby I hate anyone to apply on me. Now you may be wonderin' why I allow my opponents this advance information. They will read this and remember the hold I may submit to. Well man, I don't have to worry. The Sweet Man never worries because I am too great to allow myself to be in a position where they can apply a toe hold.

Thunderbolt is equally sure of one other thing. "I make it a practice never to have close friends in wrestling. The only exception I make here is Karl Kox – if I was asked to wrestle him I would have to refuse. Anyone else don't matter. Someday, someplace I may have to wrestle a guy I am friendly with and maybe have to hurt him in order to win – I don't want this."

Dabbling in the stock markets is a favourite pastime of the Sweet Man. He has no others except for the most important – his family. "I guess I have a lot to be thankful for, my wife is the greatest cook in the world so of course eatin' is somethin' I'm good at. I have the finest kids around and if they follow in line with their Dad they'll be successful. Nothin' gives me more pleasure than the company of my family."

On the whole, his manner of speech, dress-sense, sarcasm, humour and delightful wresting style may well. in time, cause the fans to forget that he's a villain and who knows, they may even begin to like him. One thing is for sure – the way he's heading, the Sweet Man won't ever turn sour. ♦ ♦ ♦

"Wild Red Berry returns to his homeland

The Return Of The Prodigal Son

BY DAVE GREGG

Hale, hearty and as harangueful as ever, Wild Red Berry, the Pittsburg Panther, returned to his old home town in Kansas recently for a stint as guest referee on the Saturday night wrestling card at Memorial hall.

The former world light heavyweight and junior heavyweight champ, who mingled with the likes of LeRoy McGuirk, George Sauer, Jimmy Logas, Hugh Nichols, Frank Wolf, Elmer Guthrie, Angelo Savoldi and Danny McShain, earns his livelihood as an ivory hunter for eastern mat moguls and as manager of such well-known current headliners as Gorilla Monsoon, Hans Mortier and Prof. Tanaka.

Possibly the only man who has been 39 longer than Jack Benny, Wild Red confines most of his attacks to ringside hecklers, and these assaults are of a verbal nature, but Red can throw an adjective harder than most people can punch. His prodigeous vocabulary has earned him more speaking engagements than he has time to fill.

Red tosses off phrases with burp gun rapidity, and the more dazed his audience becomes, the more the Pride of Pittsburg bears down. Red is an incurable word thief. Anytime he hears something he likes, he writes it down, and commits it to memory. He has several volumes of purloined literary gems, and he uses them all.

"I figure," the puckish Pittsburger once said, "that I can talk for a week without repeating myself, and who knows how long I can talk if I cheat a little."

Red has traded verbal barbs with such artists as Groucho Marx. and the man with the waffle ears has never lost a fall in a mouth contest.

Why did a one-time professional pug turned wrestler decide to go in for gab? Well, there comes a time in every man's life when body slams get pretty distasteful. After being 39 for a couple of decades, Red wound up in a west coast hospital with a broken back or maybe it was a broken arm or leg, he's had all of these injuries and more. He couldn't work for months, and he began reading everything he could get his battered hands on. When he was able to wrestle again, he had a brand new bag: The filibuster. Red talked sportswriters, radio and TV announcers and casual bystanders deaf, dumb and blind. He quoted Shakespeare, Shopenhauer and Spinoza, not to mention Mark Twain, Mickey Spillane and even Little Orphan Annie. When he ran out of quotes, he ad libbed and he ad libbed and he ad libbed.

Ironically enough, the man who traded punches in the gym with guys like Ace Hudkins, and met every topnotch wrestler around, (he's also wrestled 500 pound bears and a live octopus) got more publicity out of his verbiage than he ever did bending bones.

Red has been talking practically non-stop for nearly three decades now, and he is not about to stop now. The promoters in the east need his golden throat to sell tickets, and sell 'em Red does.

So why does the world's oldest 39-year-old keep up the hectic pace, eating in greasy spoons and living out of a suitcase?

"Why do I do it," says Red, "why I do it because I love it. Do you think I could come home to Pittsburg and sit on the front porch? Every man is put on this old earth for a purpose, and when he doesn't work at what he can do best, he's just cluttering up real estate. Sure, I put a few bucks by, but there's more to life than clipping coupons and growing bunions on your backside. I give the people a wholesome direction of energy everytime I get in the ring whether it's to wrestle, referee or second, and I'm going to keep on doing it. If the folks want a few words of wisdom that I have acquired in the valley of the body slam and the peaks of pain, why Wild Red Berry will be glad to oblige. Now have you heard the one about–?"

♦ ♦ ♦

PROFILE

LEN HOLT

Smiling Len Holt

AUSTRALIAN JUNIOR HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION IS EXCITING MATMAN.....

BY TEMMY G. MAISTRE

Holt is a popular name in Australia. The late Prime Minister bore that name; so does the current light heavyweight champion of Australia.

Len Holt is the wrestling champion, a cousin of the late P.M., Harold Holt, who drowned in a tragic swimming mishap last year. Len is not a man of politics, but as a professional wrestler, he is popular just the same.

Len Holt started wrestling about 18 years ago, at the age of 18. He was a dental mechanic when he entered the amateur game. After two years, having won numerous medals and silver cups, he decided to turn professional.

"I began to count the bruises and the aches and pains I suffered as an amateur," he said, "and realised that they were getting me nowhere.

"Of course, those injuries were nothing compared to the scars and stitches I have accumulated as a professional wrestler. "I am marked on my forehead, nose, lips, back of my head, and other parts of my body."

"This is no softball game," Len pointed out. "You have to be 100 per cent fit to go up there and take part in the bruising body contact sport that is professional wrestling. Anything goes. There are rules, but nobody abides by them."

Holt pointed out that when a wrestler is seen applying a choke hold, the referee starts counting, and the wrestler breaks the hold to save himself from being disqualified. But as soon as the ref stops counting, the choke hold is on again.

Holt is a fine swimmer and does a lot of spear fishing.

Len Holt is well built, with a chest of over 50 inches and biceps of 18 inches. He weighs 16½ stones.

He is an apostle of physical fitness, with particular emphasis on outdoor activities. Between wrestling engagements, he can always be found at Clovelly Beach, six miles from Sydney, N.S.W., with his beautiful wife, Maureen, and their four-year-old son Mark.

In addition to sunbathing and swimming, Len goes spearfishing, a sport that was introduced to him by his cousin, the P.M., who was one of the greatest spearfishermen in Australia. They used to go spearfishing together in Melbourne.

"It is great exercise," says Len, "and it keeps you fit."

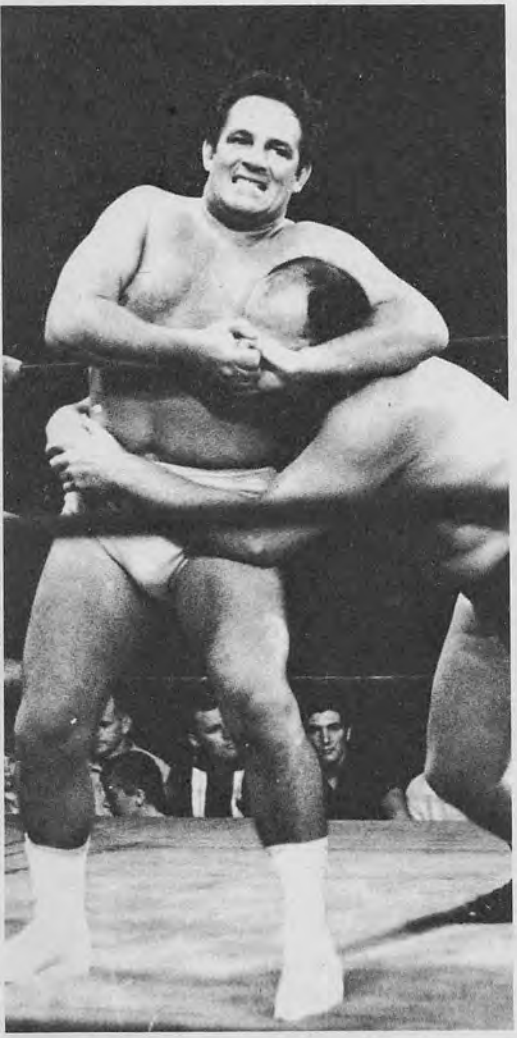
Clovelly, a beautiful, sandy beach, has deep holes and rocky places on the other side of the beach. The Australian wrestlers call it the "Wrestlers' Paradise," and you see all of them there, like Len Holt, Murphy the Surphy, Brian Ashby, Con Tolios, James Dunn, and many others.

Since Len turned professional he won the Australian middleweight, light heavyweight and heavyweight wrestling titles. At present he still holds the junior heavyweight championship of Australia.

Let's look at his activities in the squared ring:

There is not one hold which I could

The step-over toe hold is one that Holt likes to use, here he asks Ref Hunter Shaw to see if his rival is ready to concede the fall.



"Killer' Karl Kox is trapped in a power-full headlock by the Aussie favorite.

say that its his favorite because he is an expert in every hold.

Watching his wrestling with Brute Bernard, Len sure gave him a lot of his own medicine. Drop kicks, forearm smashes, step over toe holds, and believe me, the Brute sure ducks his head under the ropes for protection. He couldn't take any more punishment from the Australian champion.

Pat Patterson had to use every dirty trick to avoid submission from the terrific pressure of Lenny's holds. While applying the arm bar hold, Pat's hand turned white because of lack of blood circulation. Pat is a clever wrestler and uses the ring to great advantage. When he is in trouble he ducks under the ropes and slips away from the ring to have a bit of rest period while the referee counts over him.

It was the wildest match I ever saw when Patterson and Art Nelson teamed up to take on the rugged team of Len Holt and Braka Cortez. Many times Patterson and Nelson were trapped in Len's corner and got a good going over.

Texan Killer Karl Kox was no match for Lenny's strength. Holt is a powerhouse in the ring. No blow or body slam seems to affect him.

Len got Kox with many holds and of course to get out of them Kox had to poke his thumb in Lenny's eye or kick him in the groin, but Len always

(Continued on page 48)

The Holt family, Maureen is one of Sydney's top fashion models. Son Mark is a great water bug like his dad.

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

These ratings are the most complete and up to the minute of any ratings in the world. They are compiled with the help of our world-wide network of Correspondents and the assistance of the International Fan Clubs. We have added a fifth group to our listings in answer to many requests. The Junior Heavyweight Division joins the previously listed Men, Women, Men's Tag-Teams and Midgets.

HEAVYWEIGHTS

1. Bruno Sammartino
2. Verne Gagne
3. Fritz Von Erich
4. Gene Kiniski
5. Ray Stevens
6. Bobo Brazil
7. Lou Thesz
8. Aslam Pahalwan
9. Dick the Bruiser
10. The Sheik
11. Dory Funk, Jr.
12. Edouard Carpentier
13. Eddie Graham
14. Blackjack Lanza
15. Shohei Baba
16. The Crusher
17. Dr. X
18. Pedro Morales
19. Bill Miller
20. Luther Lindsay
21. Bill Watts
22. Mark Lewin
23. Gorilla Monsoon
24. Wilbur Snyder
25. Karl Gotch
26. Igor Vodik
27. Thunderbolt Patterson
28. Mike DiBiase
29. Don Greene
30. Bearcat Wright

JR. HEAVYWEIGHTS

1. Danny Hodge
2. Billy Robinson
3. Dory Funk Sr.
4. Len Rossi
5. Ricki Starr
6. Jackie Fargo
7. Fred Curry
8. Jack Brisco
9. Jacky Corn
10. Bobby Shane
11. Pat Patterson
12. Argentina Apollo
13. Mr. Wrestling
14. Sputnik Monroe
15. Jerry Kozak
16. Saul Weinergoff
17. Eddie Sharkey
18. Gory Guerrero
19. Tojo Yamamoto
20. Miguel Perez
21. Mario Galento
22. Les Thatcher
23. Nick Kozak
24. Roger Kirby
25. Jack Taylor
26. Rene Goulet
27. Pepi Gomez
28. Steve Bolus
29. Bob Boyer
30. Red McKim

TAG-TEAMS

1. The Scott Brothers
2. Crusher & Bruiser
3. Geigel & Brown
4. Hells Angels
5. The Infernos
6. The Funks
7. Yamamoto & Weinergoff
8. Morales & Hall
9. Lucas & Hall
10. Moto & Arakawa
11. Hawk & Hanson
12. The Sicilians
13. Reed & Donovan
14. Race & Anderson
15. Weaver & Becker
16. The Rougeaus
17. Snyder & O'Connor
18. The Vachones
19. Lubitch & Bogni
20. Torres Brothers
21. The Von Steigers
22. Collins & Graham
23. Lothario & Scarpa
24. Shiubya & Saito
25. Anderson Brothers
26. Fox & Big Heart
27. Mighty Yankees
28. Mexican Medics
29. The Interns
30. White Wolf & War Eagle

WOMEN

1. Fabulous Moolah
2. Penny Banner
3. Vern Bottoms
4. Bette Boucher
5. Betty Niccoli
6. Evelyn Stevens
7. Jean Antone
8. Toni Rose
9. Tammy Jones
10. Princess Little Cloud
11. Mae Young
12. Sherri Lee
13. Joyce Grable
14. Donna Christanello
15. Cora Combs
16. Kathy Starr
17. Che Che Paris
18. Linda Klein
19. Kay Noble
20. Lucille Dupree
21. Carmen Monge
22. Patsy Neilson
23. Barbara Owens
24. Marva Scott
25. Belle Starr
26. Susan Slade
27. Barbara Galento
28. Lita Marez
29. Mary Jane Mull
30. Sandy Scott

MIDGETS

1. Little Beaver
2. Jamaica Kid
3. Lord Littlebrook
4. Sky Low Low
5. Irish Jackie
6. Cowboy Bradley
7. Sonny Boy Cassidy
8. Little Brutus
9. Billy The Kid
10. Little Bruiser
11. Joey Russell
12. Cowboy Lang
13. Fuzzy Cupid
14. Wee Willie Wilson
15. Mighty Atom
16. Black Panther
17. Little Evil
18. Pee Wee Lopez
19. Frenchy Lamont
20. Pancho Lopez

INSIDE EUROPEAN WRESTLING

By GUSS VAN DER GUCHT

One of the greatest events in Antwerp's wrestling season is the annual all-star show which this year matched a team of local standouts against a top team of invaders. All the wrestlers in promoter Pete Brackenier's show were experienced, hard-boiled toughies.

The program had the following pairings (with the locals listed first):

Guss Stanley vs. Walter Bordes

Bert Michel vs. The Wild Man of Borneo

Frank Malmao vs. Bob Ellis

Captain "King" Davis vs. Eddy Williams

Jean Louis Breston vs. Caesar Viltard

Before the match, I asked a few insiders what chance the locals had to win this tournament. General opinion was that they didn't have a bad team, but the visitors were more experienced, so we were about to lose.

First Match - Malmao vs. Ellis (La Guadeloup)

For the first time in his career, Malmao was pitted against a real champ. Ellis, an excellent pro, for years was a sparring partner of R. Ben Chemoul, and together with Walter Bordes, he is one of the great revelations.

Frank did his best to score an early fall, using all his rough tactics, but Bob is too good a wrestler to be outroughed, and in a rather short time he pinned Malmao. Frank, quite upset, attacked young Ellis again while they were leaving the hall, and they had to be separated by the ring commission. A rematch was announced, to the great satisfaction of both the wrestlers and the public.

Score — Locals 0, Visitors 1

Second match — Davis vs. Williams (La Martinique)

Greatly supported by the entire Majestic Hall, Captain Davis used all his wrestling skills to pin fantastic Eddy Williams, and for more than a half hour after that it appeared that the locals might gain their first victory. However, when Davis attacked his opponent with a flying drop kick, unfortunately the referee was in the way and Davis was injured when he landed. The jury gave the victory to Williams, but he refused, proposing a draw. He was loudly applauded when he left the ring, for sportsmanship always is appreciated in Antwerp.

Gil Voiney from France

Total score — Locals ½, Visitors 1½

Third match — Breston vs. Viltard

We had great hopes that Breston would win this match, but once more Caesar showed his great talents by pinning the winner of the Kolner tournament in the beginning, Breston slammed Caesar all around the ring and tried to pin him with his feared body press. Breston weighs 300 pounds; one can easily imagine what it must be to be body-pressed by such a giant. But Viltard escaped and mounted a furious counter-attack, softening his opponent with flying drop kicks and other fist and foot work. In precisely 11 minutes Breston lay on the mat, counted out. It looked bad, indeed, for the local side.

Total score — Locals ½, Visitors 2½

Fourth match — Michel vs. The Wild Man

Michel started the wrong way. After only one minute, Bert was bleeding and nobody would have given a dime for his chances. Then it happened. I've never seen Bert wrestle that way. He started to get just as rough as his opponent. Wild Man was so astonished that he was lying on his back before he really knew what had happened. Instead of being contented with a pin, Bert seemed to be trying to kill his opponent. For the second time a wrestler was carried away from the ring.

Total score — Locals 1½, Visitors 2½

Fifth match — Stanley vs. Bordes

This was one of the greatest battles we've seen here in Antwerp in many years, a beautiful fight. Guss and Walter both knew that everything depended on winning, and both went all-out in a scientific way to try to pin the other. Several times, Stanley was in deep trouble, but finally he gained a painful Boston Crab hold on Bordes and forced him to submit. The match lasted 25 thrilling minutes.

Final score — Locals 2½, Visitors 2½

Again I asked some insiders what they thought about the meeting. The general opinion was that it was a success and that the locals were lucky to obtain a draw. The best wrestlers were Guss Stanley and Walter Bordes. Special sportsmanship award went to Eddy Williams, and the most unfortunate was Captain King Davis. The roughest, without doubt, was the Wild Man of Borneo.

We hope to see more shows like this in the future.

The great Caesar Viltard, one of the best on the continent.

Alabama Miss Has Heart Set on a Pro Career...

By MICHAEL A. GLICK

LOVELY LYNN COX

The continuing growth in popularity of amateur girl wrestling across the country has been a subject that has fascinated the readers of WRESTLING REVUE. More letters have been received on this topic from both male and female readers than any other in recent years.

Requests for stories and pictures of the gals come in every day. Also in the mail come pictures and reports on the activities of these girls, teenagers, young swingers, housewives and others who just enjoy the sport for the sport's sake. There are also a group of these gals who see this as a stepping stone to a career among the professionals. One of these is a pert redhead from Birmingham, Alabama, Lynn Cox.

Lynn is a very well stacked girl (41-24-35) with a curvey five-foot six-inch frame that carries 146 pounds of TNT. A rabid wrestling fan since she was a youngster she has tried to pattern her style of grappling after her favorite, Johnny "Rubberman" Walker.

Very agile, she is a trained ballet dancer who also goes in for weight lifting and body building. She has won 25 of her 28 amateur bouts, often against girls much bigger then herself.

A devoted and determined youngster, Lynn works long hours getting herself into condition. Practice makes perfect is her motto and she is always ready to go up against any opponent. Size means nothing to her, and although she hasn't as yet grappled with any males of the species, she holds no fear of facing one of them.

Her friends have nicknamed her "Red Blaze" and when she swings into action, her auburn locks swishing in the breeze, she sure fits the name.

A very intelligent lass, Lynn, who is of mixed stock, Italian-Dutch on her mother's side and Irish-Indian on her dad's, has the full backing of them in her ambitions toward a pro career.

So you wrestling fans, remember the name Lynn Cox, "The Red Blaze." She should be storming the pro mat scene in the near future. ♦ ♦ ♦

Lynn is very serious about her future as a pro wrestler and works out every day to keep in tip top shape (what a shape!).

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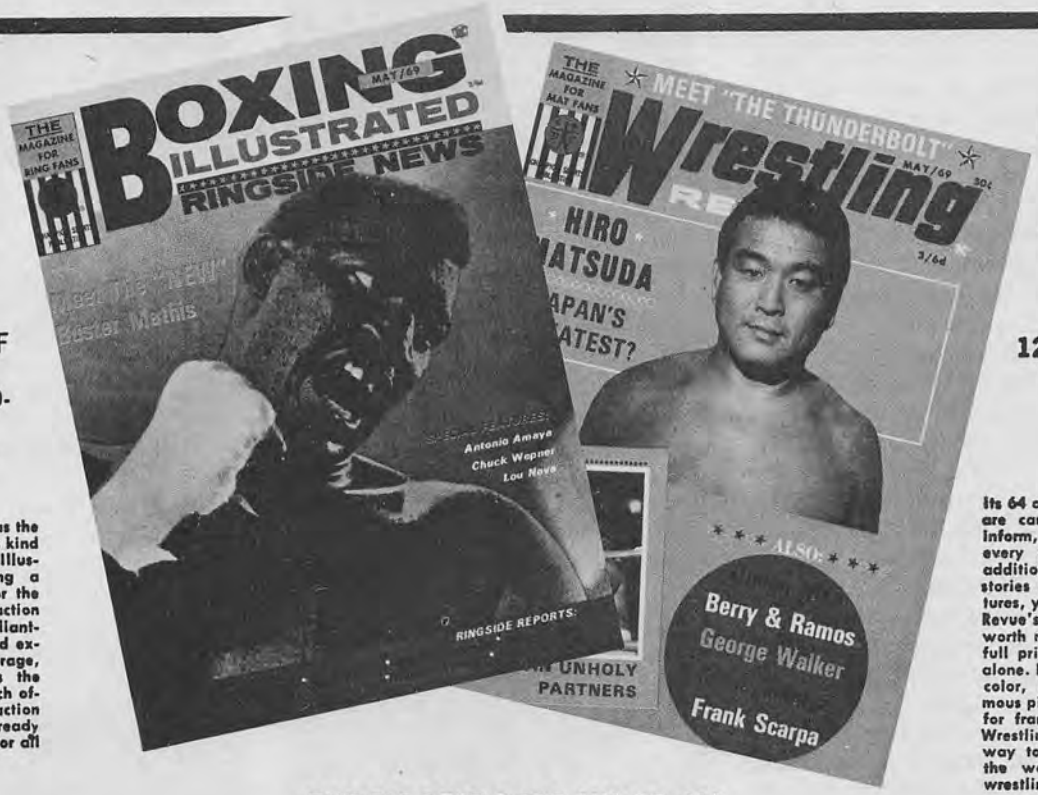

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From Deep In The Heart Of Texas COMES A BAD HOMBRE...

BY JEFF WALTON

The wrestling stars are big and bright – deep in the heart of Texas. It's a big country with some mighty big wrestlers.

Recently, a masked wrestler weighing in at 245 pounds hit Los Angeles from the Lone Star state with a boom. His name is plain old Texas! His claim to fame is that he currently holds the "rough house title" of Texas.

"I ran out of opponents in Texas. Now I'm here to clean up Los Angeles," yelled the masked hombre. After winning all his matches, Texas signed to meet the Mexican sensation, Mil Mascaras, in Long Beach. Mascaras is widely known for his high flying tactics. He had just won the Americas title from Buddy Austin and agreed to defend it against Texas.

Once inside the ring, Texas glared hard at his opponent. As the bell rang, Texas ran across the ring and attacked Mascaras with punishing hammer-like blows. For awhile it looked like a new Americas champion would be crowned. Mil came to life and like Superman flew across the ring and hit Texas with a flying body tackle.

Texas was stunned. With a huge leap he was outside the ring, clutching his chest. The referee began to count to twenty, but Texas leaped back in by the count of seventeen. Mascaras used two well-placed drop kicks and, grabbing Texas in a headlock, began to rip his mask off. The fans gasped!

However, Texas was no dummy, and as the white mask began to give way, underneath was another mask in black. Texas began prancing around the ring pointing to his skull and his superior intelligence as he was claiming, Mascaras came up behind him. Quicker then a flash, Mascaras caught Texas in a reverse body cradle, and pinned the masked bad boy to win the match and retain his title. Texas pounded the mat. He was furious. Never had he lost a match while in the Southland. Storming out of the ring through the crowd of booing fans, Texas went straight to the promoter's office.

"I was robbed do you hear me," he stormed, pounding on the desk. "I want a Texas Death Match, everything goes with no holds barred."

But the promoter shook his head in the negative and Texas stormed out of the office madder than ever. "Sissies! Cowards! I'm the only real man around these parts," he mumbled.

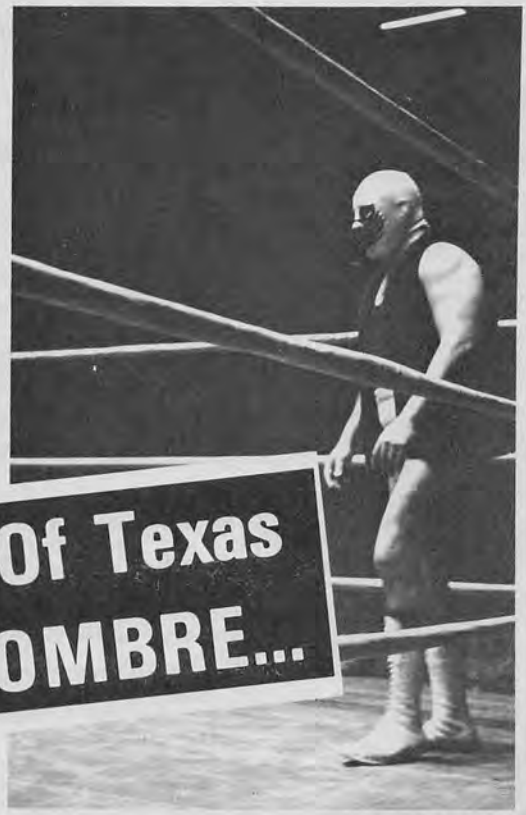
I stopped him outside the arena and told him I was from WRESTLING REVUE, "I read Revue. Tell all them "dumb" fans I'm the GREATEST. That's all I got to say."

In his heart I think he thinks he's right. What do you think???? ♦♦♦

The Big Texan is a powerful grappler who is a master of numerous holds.

The masked Texan is a rough man who uses every dirty trick in the book.

The louder the crowd boos him, the happier it makes the Texas Terror.



Quasimodo-Jester of the Mat?

WRESTLING'S WEIRDEST CHARACTER

BY DAVE CAMERON

Quasimodo chats with the author, Dave Cameron.

Perhaps the weirdest character in professional wrestling today is the fantastic, horrific figure of Quasimodo.

Vincente Castilla, to give Quasimodo his baptismal name, is a strange, unusual individual. He seems to have accepted the fact that he is Quasimodo, the legendary bellringer from the Hunchback of Notre Dame, and that the name he was born with belongs to some other world.

Strange and incredible as Quasimodo may appear to the scrutinizing eye, he certainly has a good command of wrestling knowledge, and is a top-liner in most European rings. A few years ago he made a short visit to the United States but he is probably best known in South America, Spain, France, Great Britain and South Africa.

Quasimodo was born in South America. He was an amateur boxer of no mean ability and was selected to represent his country at the Olympic Games in London in 1948. Unfortunately during his training for the Games he suffered a thigh injury which put him out of all sports for a couple of years. When he took to the ring again it was without gloves, and after a short period as an amateur wrestler he decided to wrestle professionally.

He made a living out of wrestling but that was all. He was just another wrestler. Then came an unexpected happening which was to change his whole future. During one of his bouts an excited Argentinian threw a bottle into the ring which struck him on the back of the head. The ring became a bloodbath and the bout was stopped, and a towel-shrouded Castilla was helped to his dressing room.

The injury was severe and he went back to his small village where, in the absence of proper medical attention, well-meaning but ignorant friends merely wrapped his head in bandages.

Quasimodo is very popular with the younger fans.

This was a big mistake, for a wound that would have healed in time instead grew into a horrible lump about the size of a small apple, which protruded from the back of his head. The muscles of his neck also became affected, causing him to carry his head in a thrust forward position. This gave him something of a hunchbacked appearance, in fact his total appearance was rather grotesque.

And so the fans thought when Castilla made his reappearance in the ring. They catcalled, they jeered and they booed. They screamed and some bright spark even called him "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." Vincente went wild with bitterness. He snarled back at the crowd, clawed at the air and tore into his opponent, who he smashed into defeat in fifteen minutes. Forcing his way through the irate crowd, he crashed into the dressing room, thinking that if the crowd could be as cruel as that, he'd never wrestle again.

But he was wrong. Waiting for him in the dressing room was the astute French promoter, Maurice Durand. Durand slapped him on the back. "You were great, you were marvellous, you wrestled with such fire and skill. I will take you back to France, you will make big money and I have another idea, shave your head, we will call you Quasimodo, The Hunchback Of Notre Dame."

Durand's prophecy proved to be correct. In Spain, France and all over Europe, Quasimodo hit the big time.

Although many think of Quasimodo as a "gimmick" man, this is far from the truth. He has tons of wrestling ability and is a rugged, all-action star out to win at all times.

I had the pleasure of meeting Quasimodo in London and found him most friendly, and a great favourite with the children.

He certainly deserves his success as he has faced up bravely to the trials and tribulations which fate has dished out to him. ♦ ♦ ♦

HOLT
(Continued from page 41)

comes back. Kox was caught in a headlock and he escaped many times but was caught back in it until the end of the match Kox's cauliflower ears sure got a rough time.

Thunderbolt (Patterson) Brown, rough and tough as he can be, always claims he is the clever person in the ring. Everytime he applies a hold on his opponent he points his finger on the forehead and says, "What you think of that, ha? I use my brains." But when Len grabbed his legs and was about to turn him over for a Boston crab, he was clever no more because he couldn't move to get away from the hold. Len applied the Boston crab and, believe me, I never heard him groaning with pain as he did this time.

Len Holt takes them all, no matter how rough and tough they are.

Another mauler came down under with a big reputation as a former tag team champion with Mike Scicluna. His name is Cyclone Negro, and he gave referee Hunter Shaw a busy time with his dirty tactics – butting, biting, kicking and punching. Cyclone gave Len a hard time in one of the roughest matches they ever had in Sydney, but Len came out of nowhere, got Negro in a leg lock and held it for a long time.

"What about it, do you want to submit?" asked the referee. Cyclone wouldn't give up, but he was limping badly after slipping under the ropes for protection. The Negro didn't find a softy in Holt, who at one time got so mad at Cyclone's roughness that he grabbed him by his cauliflower ears and smashed his face on the mat.

When Holt is not wrestling, he never stays idle. Between his television appearances and tours, he gives wrestling, physical culture and unarmed combat lessons. He has taken part in fight scenes in several films made in Australia. The latest film TV series he took part in is *Riptide*, with the American TV idol, Ty (Bronco) Harding.

He also has served as a bodyguard for such famous personages as Judy Garland, the Beatles, Frank Sinatra, the Rolling Stones, Louis Armstrong, Nat King Cole, and Emile Griffith, the former world boxing champion.

His most difficult protection job was when the Beatles visited Australia in 1965.

"I went into training three months before they came, and lived with them all the time," he recalled. "The biggest difficulty was the sheer weight of numbers of the crowds, plus John Lennon's ability to stay up all night and never sleep. Was I glad when their trip was over so I could go to sleep.

The short-arm scissor clamped on by Len has Skull Murphy in a bad way.

"One night in Sydney I was against a door trying to hold back a mob of teenagers. The door finally gave way, and I was ploughed into the floor, with the door on top of me." The frantic fans tore 10 new suits off him before the Beatles finally left Australia.

When Sinatra was in Sydney, the fans never laid a finger on the American singer. Commenting on a report that Sinatra had more recently lost two teeth in a hotel fracas, Len said, "It wouldn't have happened to him if I had been there."

You might think it strange that a boxing champion like Emile Griffith – twice middleweight champion and three-time holder of the welterweight title – would need protection, but Holt understands the reason.

"It's amazing the number of characters who think, 'He doesn't look all that tough' and try to pick a fight," he said.

With Club Wrestling, Len Holt is the star attraction. He has wrestled in every club in Australia. I was watching him in a tag match with his partner Jan Jansen against Ron Fury and Murphy the Surphy, Australia's own Gorgeous George, with blond hair set before he goes in the ring. Before he wrestles he throws gold hairpins to the female fans.

As you should know, these are Australia's four top rated wrestlers and they sure gave the fans the thrill of their life. There was clean wrestling mixed up with a lot of rough stuff from Murphy's side. The funniest part came when Len Holt and Murphy were in their own corners, waiting for their partners to tag them. Len crawled under the ring, went behind Murphy, then spotted a fellow drinking a bottle of lemonade. Len took the bottle off him, went behind Murphy, pulled the band that was holding Murphy's tights and down went the bottle of lemonade. Then Murphy went in the ring to complain to the ref. The referee went behind Murphy and took the bottle off his pants with the lemonade still pouring out of the bottle. The crowd went wild with laughter while the ref had a hard time to get things under control. The match went on with no further mishaps and ended in a draw.

Although Len is wild and rough with his job in the ring, he sure has a good sense of humor.

Len Holt still a young man with a bright future ahead of him in professional wrestling. ♦ ♦ ♦

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FAN CLUB CHATTER

By DON WILSON

Welcome to another issue of Fan Club Chatter. It's interesting to note the increase of clubs and activity from the Southeastern part of the country, and the definite decrease of fan club acticity in the Western area.

We are again receiving information about clubs starting for a particular wrestler, but without a permission slip. Please remember that starting a fan club is easy, but to continue its operation, takes a lot of time, effort and money, plus the cooperation from your honorary. Therefore, without the signed permission slip, you are starting off with problems and club is not a valid one. I would suggest before starting a club, join a couple of clubs for information, try writing a few articles, in other words, crawl before you walk, as it's in the best interest for the fans, the wrestler concerned, as well as yourself.

Let's take a mail box tour of fan club land.

The bulletin from THE HANDSOME JOHNNY BAREND FAN CLUB landed with a thud on my desk. The blue cover held together over 30 pages of some interesting material gathered by prexy Brian Roache, 1629 Wilder Ave. No. 901, Honolulu, Hawaii, 96822. Dues are $2.00 and billed every three months.

Moving inland to California, a bulletin from THE INT'L CICLON NEGRO–PEPPER GOMEZ FAN CLUB, which for $2.00 yearly, members receive photos, membership card, bulletins whenever possible and other material. Write to Geoff Hansen, 66 Van Tassel Lane, Orinda, Calif. 94563.

Flashing across to the Midwest, the current issue of THE WRESTLING NEWS, published by Norm Kietzer at the helm of Pro Wrestling Enterprises, P. O. Box 694, Mankato, Minn. 56001, containing mucho info about mat action in the Midwest, and certainly worth the 50 cents per issue or $5.00 yearly.

Also, Jim Melby's RASLIN RESULTS, containing several pages of results as well as a few photos and articles, was interesting. Write to Jim at 1627 Shields Ave., St. Paul, Minn. 55104.

Juanita Scarff, 1807 Black Hawk St., Waterloo, Iowa 50702, send out the publicity sheets on the RONNIE ETCHISON FAN CLUB, and from the looks of things, these girls will have a club Ronnie will be proud of.

The Iron Stomach is the name of the REG PARKS FAN CLUB Bulletin, a bi-monthly deal from Ron Weeks, 8640 Keystone Drive, Omaha, Neb. 68134. Ron keeps track of his honorary and passes the info along to the members. Write for further information.

The first bulletin from Lina Weston, who has taken over the PRO WRESTLING FAN CLUB, received, and the 13 pages contain some interesting reading, and very well done. Dues are 25 cents an issue or $1.00 per year. Send the loot to Lina at 715 South 19th, Lincoln, Neb. 68510.

Just in, the up-to-date bulletin from Michael Tenay, 8952 Mills Ave., Whittier, Calif. 90605. The Mat News has photos, ratings, and several articles and comments, and are 25 cents each for the bi-monthly bulletins.

Moving down to the Texas area, comes THE IRON CLAW, need I say more? This of course could only be, the FRITZ VON ERICH FAN CLUB, with a top notch bi-monthly bulletin, containing photos and current news about one of the nation's outstanding wrestlers. Fritz is cooperating fully with club president, Tim McCormack of P. O. Box 668, Denton, Tex. 76201. The package from Tim included a membership card, fact sheet, 8 x 10 photo of Mr. Von Erich and a club ball point pen. Write to Tim today, and tell him you read about his club in the nation's number one magazine, WRESTLING REVUE.

Charles Bronikowski, President of THE NICK KOZAK FAN CLUB, writes his club was recently a year old. Charles continues to publish his bulletins on a regular basis, and Nick writes him often to keep him abreast of his activities. The club address is 1225 Aurora St., Houston, Tex. 77009.

I have never heard from the BOB ELLIS FAN CLUB, but a friend of mine recently joined and received from Alice Newberry an 8 x 10 photo, 3 smaller photos, a bumper sticker, membership card, badge and a very nice letter, all for $1.00. For you interested in the Cowboy's club, write to Alice at P. O. Box 9431, Phoenix, Ariz. 85020.

C.W.C.C.A. President, Mike Nagle, 6416 Flagler St., Hollywood, Fla. 33023, announces dues of $1.25 a year, and I might add the club is certainly worth the small amount of dues.

Cheryl Shackleton, President of the JOE SCARPA FAN CLUB, writes her club is increasing in membership, thanks to the fine readers of this column. Her publications are called "Joltin' Joe Journal" and the club address is Rt 1, Box 1204, Mount Dora, Fla. 32757.

THE FLORIDA WRESTLING FAN CLUB, under the direction of Peggy Rabun, does a fine job of keeping the membership updated on happenings in the Florida area, and the bulletins are well done and good reading. Write to Peggy at 6705 Champlain Road, Jacksonville, Fla. 32208.

Before leaving the sunshine state, mention of a new club, this one for CHIEF WAHOO MCDANIEL, headed by Karen King, 6720 Mango Ave., So., St. Petersburg, Fla. 33707. Karen sent a signed permission slip, and advises that members will receive monthly bulletins, 8 x 10 photo, autographed color photo, membership card and other material.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING FAN CLUB publishes a bulletin called "The Wrestling Hotline" and President

George Freedman, Sundown Kid and Joe Rossi

Mike Mooneyham, 310 Plymouth Ave., Charleston, S.C. 29407, does an outstanding job on the bulletins. Interesting and informative, and full of results from all over the country, as well as articles, ratings, contests and other items. Write to Mike for complete info.

Another new club, this one for BILLY SPEARS, and the signed permission slip sent by club president, Pat Leedy, 2456 Delta Drive, N.W., Roanoke, Va. 24017. Write her for further details.

THE BECKER & WEAVER FAN CLUB, honoring George Becker and Johnny Weaver, continues to publish a fine bulletin, with stories, results and other items of interest. Club President, Pam Daniels, 544 Leonard Rd., Norfolk, Va. 23505, has the full story, so send her a letter and see for yourself.

Pittsburgh, Pa., will be the site of the 1969 WRESTLING FANS INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION. Only $15.00 for banquet, wrestling ticket and admission, so send your reservation in early to W.F.I.A. 1969 Convention, P. O. Box 11007, St. Louis, Mo. 63135. The convention will be held at the William Penn Hotel, and rates are single $13.00 and double $18.00. The Convention will start Friday morning, June 20th and end Sunday morning, June 22nd. All mat fans should plan to attend, and bring a friend.

Fan club presidents, this is your chance to display your material at the 1969 convention, write to W.F.I.A. for full details. Don't miss this groovy weekend in Pittsburgh.

Kenneth Nelson, 1620 Spring Garden Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212, sent a signed permission slip indicating the start of THE FRANK JOHNNY DEFAZIO FAN CLUB. Members will receive a membership card, autographs and monthly bulletins. Sorry, but Ken didn't advise what the dues would be.

The first two bulletins from Bobby Kubik, prexy of THE FRANK HOLTZ FAN CLUB, have been received, and very well done. So all you fans of Mr. Holtz, send your $1.50 to Bobby at 926 Madison Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212, and receive the club material and the monthly bulletins.

Thomas Mulhall, Vice President of UNIVERSAL WRESTLING FAN CLUB, advises the club experienced some difficulty in having bulletins printed, and as a result was off to a slow start, but hopefully the situation is now under control. Bulletins are 25 cents per issue, and $1.50 a year. Write to President, Kevin Keating, 130 East Bacon St., Palo Alto, Pottsville, Pa. 17901.

Ted Bonamico, head of PHILLY WRESTLING FAN CLUB, advises that printing problems have been taken care of, and I thank him for making me an honorary member of his club and for the photos and bulletin he sent. The address is 213 Hartranft, Norristown, Pa., 19401.

RESULTS FROM WASHINGTON is the name of the new club started by Mitchell Feinman, 139 E. 53rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203. The newspaper will be printed every four weeks and the cost is 20 cents each or $1.90 per year and include a long self-addressed envelope, or else send $2.20 per year. Each issue is to include a feature story about an East Coast wrestler. I will be looking forward to seeing this publication. Sgt. Patrick O'Hara has again issued his annual St. Louis results from Kiel Auditorium, a very complete and concise bulletin. Pat is a native St. Louisian, currently with the armed forces stationed in Maryland. His address is 1616-D Forrest Ave., Fort George G. Meade, Maryland 20755.

Received information that Elliot Maron is the prexy of THE ANGELO SAVOLDI FAN CLUB, 676 Bradford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11207. I haven't received any details on the club or a

Don Wilson & Ouida Baynham

signed permission slip.

Received the Feb-April issue of the BRUNO SAMMARTINO FAN CLUB, headed by Mike Medugno, P. O. Box 177, Glen Cove, N. Y. 11542. The bulletin contains 7 pages of news clippings and some photos. Write to Mike for further information.

The new bulletin from the INT'L ARNIE SKAALAND FAN CLUB is called "The Golden Boy," and contains 6 pages of information and some photos. The club has two presidents, Sandra Sandoe (RD No. 1, East Earl, Pa. 17519) and Maryanne Pallessi (66 Franklin Ave., Nutley, N. J. 07110). The Presidents write this will be the only club and there will not be any chapters. Dues are $1.20 for four issues, plus a membership card, 8 x 10 photo and other items.

Recently received the current issue of the ARGENTINE APOLLO FAN CLUB, and the club President Connie Oder put together 8 pages of interesting reading. She said the club is coming along fine, and all they need is some more members. Write to Connie at R2155 S. Limestone, Springfield, Ohio 45505.

Seven pages of El Toro News, which is the name of the bulletins from the JESS ORTEGA FAN CLUB, with Peggy Morgan, President. Complete details will be sent to all interested fans, so write to Peggy at 650 Norman Street, Wilmington, Ohio 45177.

Just recently, the FLYING FRED CURRY FAN CLUB celebrated its first anniversary, and I must admit, the bulletins are great. Write to President Christine McConnell at 801 Lafayette Street, Bay City, Mich. 48706. The current bulletin was 21 pages plus a cover.

Covering the Midwest mat scene, is Vic Orlandino's MIDWEST MAT NEWS FAN CLUB, this issue of 15 pages was well done. The dues are 6 issues for $1.00, and Vic writes that the previous 20 cents an issue deal is off, and now only the subscription price prevails. Send the buck to Vic at 114 Hyde Park Avenue, Bellwood, Ill. 60104.

Arthur Lindberg, 50 Church St., San Francisco, Calif., is interested in buying 8 x 10 photos of lady wrestlers. wrestlers.

Billy Fleischman, President of ALL STAR WRESTLING PHOTO FAN CLUB writes he has many, many photos, news clippings, programs for sale. The address is 228-18 64th Avenue, Bayside, N. Y. 11364.

Gary Cappetta, 153 Forest St., Kearny, N. J. 07032, has a new newspaper clipping and photo sale. Write for a price list. Richard Ginter, 5032 W. Harold Ave., Schiller Park, Ill. 60176, has programs, clippings and photos available.

Mario Casadei, 7525 Schaefer, Dearborn, Mich. 48126, would like to join clubs for THE SHEIK, THUNDERBOLT PATTERSON & LOU THESZ. Sorry Mario, I don't know of any clubs for these grapplers.

Don Smith, 1154½ Buckeye, Terre Haute, Ind. 47802, has photos, and for 35 cents and two stamps on a large self-addressed envelope, he will return it full of mat-erial. Don would like to buy or trade photos and programs, and hear from all club presidents.

James Cox, 903½ 5th St., Alta Vista, Va. 24517, has many autographs available, and one copy of WRESTLING REVUE autographed by 12 of the top wrestlers.

Ten clippings for ten cents, plus some other items are what Mary Ann Gentile, 4222 Calvin St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15201, will send you.

Kent Tucker, 1005 NE 2nd St., Mulberry, Fla. 33860, will send results and cards from wrestling in Tampa for a dollar a year.

Jim Harvey, 6 Coach House Drive, Novar Gardens 5040, South Australia, would like to hear from fans of the good guys, or clean type wrestlers.

Pennie Schwartz, 1905 Bay Ridge Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11204, would like to write to fans of ARNIE SKAALAND & BRUNO SAMMARTINO.

Robert Hughes, 7017th Support Sq. Box 9286, APO New York, 09012, would like to write to fans of girl wrestling, either professional or amateur.

Mark Bleichwell, 2650 N. 61st St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53213, would like to write to fans of BILL WATTS, THE CRUSHER, VERNE GAGNE & BILLY RED LYONS. Sorry, Mark, no active clubs for these men.

Barry Ratner, 405 University Place, Box 12, Syracuse, N. Y. 13210, would like to write to young men interested in becoming wrestlers.

David Palmer, 4411 Cobia Drive, Tampa, Fla. 33610, needs a few back issues of wrestling's number one magazine, WRESTLING REVUE, to complete his collection. Let's help him out.

Dan Dillon, 11204 Maple Road, Omaha, Neb. 68114, would like to write to fans in Detroit, Kansas City, Sioux City, Iowa, Toronto and all parts of Hawaii and exchange material and photos.

Charlie Comanto, 752 Onderdonk Ave., Brooklyn, New York, would like to write to wrestling fans in his area, girls about 16 or 17, and boys his own age (18).

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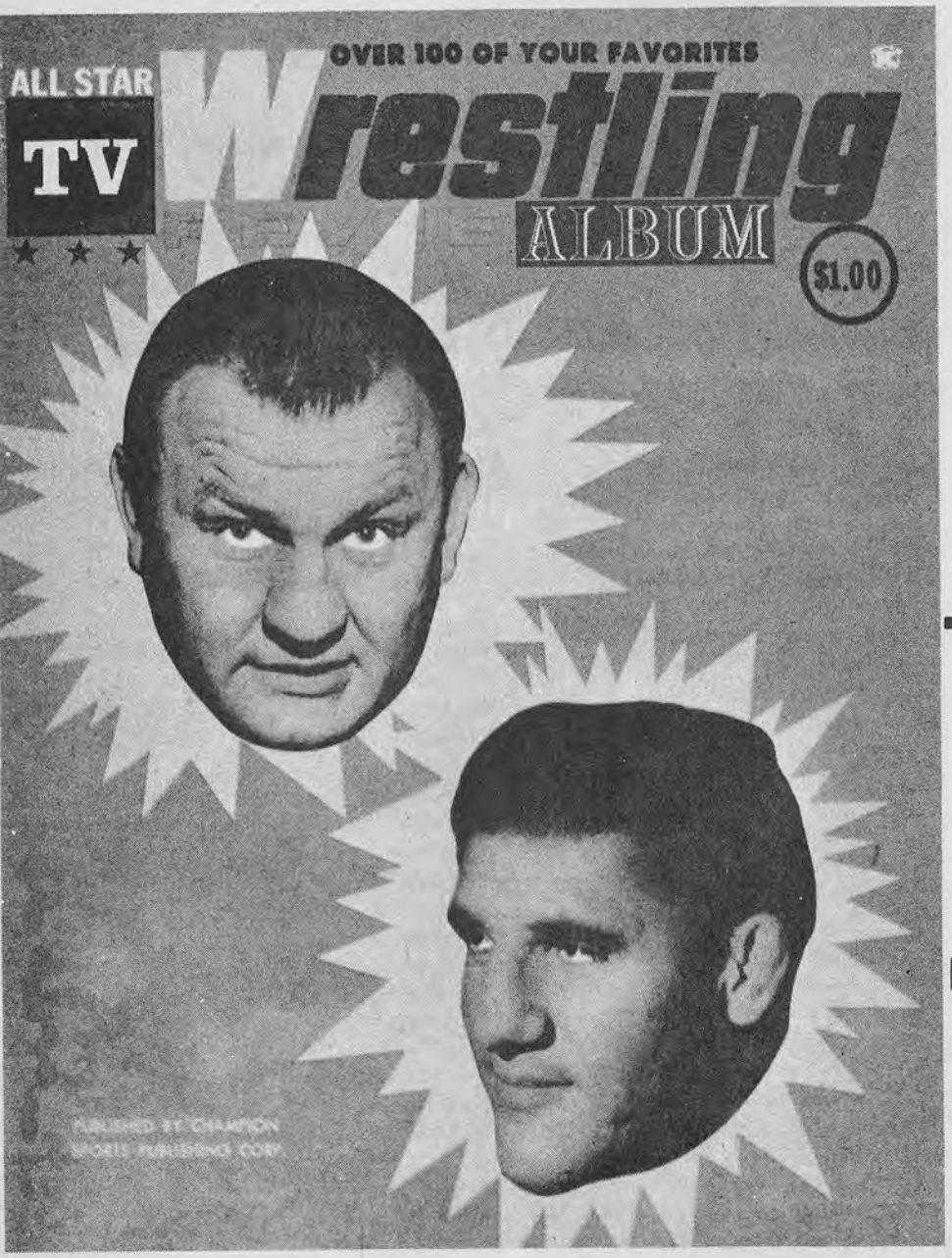

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HARTFORD

(Continued from page 33)

years. Known also as the "neckless Pole," Stanley was nearly as broad as he was long, bald-headed and so big boned it was as hard to get a grip on him as on a Sherman tank. He usually wrestled barefooted. Old Stanley was well educated and was said to have studied as a lawyer in his native Poland. He could speak several languages and often served as interpreter for other European grapplers. He deeply resented it when Arthur Brisbane, a famous columnist, compared him with a gorilla and there were said to have been some legal threats or action in the case. When old Stanley would walk into our office, Daro would rush to open all the windows, saying we were all in danger of being overcome by the gas from his garlic breath. Old Zibby's appetite was enormous and he ate garlic like lettuce.

Wladek, the younger, was taller and a powerhouse. While he never attained the fame of Stanley, he was considered dangerous by champions who consistently sidestepped him.

By 1925 Daro told me we had established the wrestling capital of the world in Los Angeles. We were drawing better wrestlers and larger crowds than such promoters as Jack Curley in New York, George Bowser in Boston, Gabe Kaufman in Kansas City and Tom Packs in St. Louis.

It was at this time that our first Japanese wrestler with a high rating in judo showed up. His name was Professor Setsudo Ota and although he only weighed 145 pounds he was strong and quick as a badger. He beat several men in a row without effort and became a hero with his Nipponese countrymen in Los Angeles' "Little Tokyo." He now demanded a match with Ad Santell, the "Flying Dutchman" from Oakland, Calif.

The reason Ota wanted to meet Santell especially was to regain lost prestige for Japan. A few years previously, Santell, a fast and clever light heavyweight, had gone to the Land of the Rising Sun and before crowds up to 100,000, beaten their best judo experts, wrestling with the jackets. Santell had specialized in the double wristlock and leg scissors.

Every Japanese fan in California had heard the name of Santell and on the day of the match they arrived by thousands from San Joaquin and Imperial Valleys, from cities and farm country, in chartered busses. Two hours before the show the streets around the Olympic were crowded with little men, milling around jabbering excitedly.

Jim Londos vs Joe Malcewicz

I am sorry to relate the bout itself was anti-climax. Both Santell and Setsudo Ota appeared scared to death of one another, grabbed jackets and held on for dear life. They spent most of the two hours on the mat, holding jackets and glaring at each other, sometimes rolling around but winding up in the same position. Which led sports writer Bill Yeager to say the bout terminated in an exhibition of dirty laundry, nothing more. When I rang the bell at the end of the two-hour time limit it was called a draw, with neither having gained an advantage.

About this time Daro became interested in finding a Mexican wrestler. Southern California had a huge Latin population and Mexican-American fans flocked to the arenas to see Bert Colima, Tony Fuente and other fistic favorites. But while there were dozens of Mexican boxers not one grappler of south-of-the-border extraction could we unearth. Finally in desperation Daro ran a help wanted ad in a local Mexican newspaper offering to pay wages to any local Mexican heavyweight to become a wrestler. A number showed up and Daro selected a broad-shouldered husky named Pepe Garcia, who was paid $10 a day to go to the gymnasium and take instruction. At the end of a month he was given a match at the arena, displayed as much ferocity in action as the honored guest at a wake, and got his shoulders pinned in a couple of minutes.

We tried another Mexican youth named Nacho Martinez who had the physique of an Apollo, was a top weight lifter, but couldn't get out of his own way on the mat. While he was posing in the center of the ring, his opponent would tie him in knots.

We gave up on Mexican wrestlers and did not have one until Vince Lopez, Idaho footballer, came out of nowhere to win our International Tournament and take the world's title 12 years later.

Lopez, incidentally, was a handsome, intelligent heavyweight whom Mae West, the movie star, wrote about in one of her books as her true love, her Casanova. This romance had been kept quiet by the principals. We had known Vince was popular with the fair sex and attracted them to the box office but we never suspected that he was the amour of Diamond Lil.

♦♦♦

(In his next article Mr. Hartford will describe the International Tournament which attracted more than 100 wrestlers, such as Bronko Nagurski, Sandor Szabo, the Dusek brothers, the Zaharias brothers and made Man Mountain Dean famous. Also how college football players first entered wrestling and created a sensation.)

HACKNEY
(Continued from page 14)

four matches' experience under her belt and wasn't going to tangle with a tough tigress who had been tossing people on the mat more years than Miss Kitty has been trying to trap Marshal Dillon.

The crowd was evenly divided. Some were rooting for the villainous Sara while others favored the tactics of newcomer Sylvia. The latter attempted to apply a few scientific arm bars and leg locks to no avail in the face of her opponent's illegal trickery. Biting, scratching, pulling hair were all part of Sara's attack. Then just short of the fifteen-minute mark the wily Sara Lee whipped young Sylvia into the ropes, caught her with a knee to the midsection when she bounced off, and applied a body press to defeat the eager starlet. Sylvia struggled to her feet with tears trickling down her cheeks, partly from the pain and partly from the humiliation of losing the match. She climbed out of the ring on the opposite side from her dressing room and wandered down the aisle still clutching her injured midriff.

"Hey, you're going the wrong way," someone in the crowd yelled.

"Aw, shut up and let her go where she wants to!" another of the crowd yelled back.

Later when she had changed and was talking to several of the teen-aged girls who someday might enter the profession themselves, I overheard: "We really enjoyed your match, Sylvia."

"Well, thank you," she answered, "I wish I could have done a lot better."

There was no mention of the dirty tactics employed to beat her, no complaints or excuses because the going was a little rough....just a plain, simple statement that anyone would expect to hear from a lady. I can't begin to speculate the exact second, or even the approximate minute, when my opinion changed, but it undoubtly had changed to the tune that now I was convinced I had met a female grappler who is not of the ordinary ilk.

She has a lot to learn about the wrestling game, but Sylvia may prove as strict a competitor on the mat as she has with her feminine charms to the likes of Moolah and company. Whatever the future holds in store for her, she will be treated with grace, for Sylvia Hackney is truly a lady. ♦ ♦ ♦

BERRY
(Continued from page 21)

Sammartino. Attempting a body block off the ropes, Bruno wound up with a stalemate when both men were knocked to the canvas by the impact. Ramos recovered first and quickly spotted his chance for winning the world championship.

Acting instinctively, Bull raised his right arm, lurched forward, and sized up his prone opponent. The crowd held its breath. Ramos was attempting his "elbow bomb." A sigh of relief resounded through the arena as Bruno, realizing his fate, rolled free from the danger zone while Ramos hit the mat with a thud.

Grabbing Bull's sore arm, Sammartino sent the Apache soaring over the top rope and into the press section below. With a wild-eyed gleam, Ramos grasped a chair and hurled it at the onlooking champion. Bruno spun around and caught the full force on his neck and back and dropped to the canvas in a heap.

The referee pointed to the timekeeper to sound the bell, while he attempted to halt the onrushing Indian and herd him into a corner. The two argued violently until the announcer settled the dispute. "The winner," he blared, "is Bruno Sammartino by disqualification."

Now Ramos was really in a fury, as he raced about disputing the decision with the referee, timekeeper, announcer, and various fans. Finally he threw up both hands and stormed out of the ring, while several aids helped the champion to his feet.

Back in the dressing room, Ramos retired to a deserted corner and refused to discuss the bout. Red Berry, however, was more than happy to air his views.

"What happened to Bull Ramos in that ring tonight was one of the greatest miscarriages of justice ever to occur in this sport. You can bet that Willie Gilzenberg, the President of the World Wide Wrestling Federation, is going to hear about this.

"Bull Ramos proved tonight that he is Bruno Sammartino's master. He outwrestled, outmaneuvered, out-thought, and overpowered that 'champion.' When Sammartino saw that he was no match for my boy, he had to start fighting with a chair. Can you imagine that? Sammartino uses a chair and they disqualify Bull Ramos."

"But if they think they've discouraged us, they're in for quite a shock. I had a special photographer at ringside shooting movies of the match, and once the wrestling officials see my champion has been cheated, I have no doubt that a re-match will be ordered."

"Bruno Sammartino has made a gross error. He has aroused Bull's anger, and when someone does this, my champion becomes uncontrollable, immovable, and irresistible. When Bull Ramos gets his powerful hands on Bruno Sammartino again, he will paralyze, pulverize, terrorize, immortalize...."

He was still raving as I gently shut the dressing room door behind me.

♦ ♦ ♦

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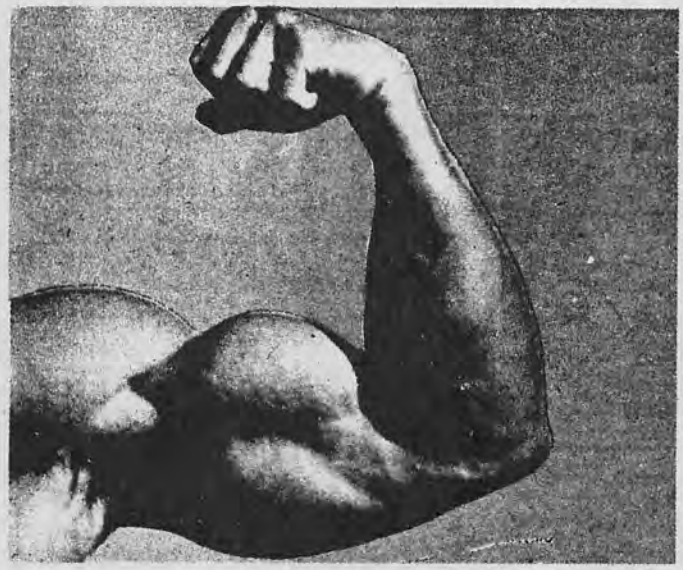

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WALKER
(Continued from page 35)

George first came to New Zealand in the early thirties, and wrestled under the National Sporting Club. He had many memorable bouts, apart from the above mentioned. His matches with Indians Tiger Daula, Fazla and Harban Singh were classics. He had victories over Harban Singh and Fazla Mohammed, but could only hold the Tiger to a draw after dropping a decision. This was in 1935.

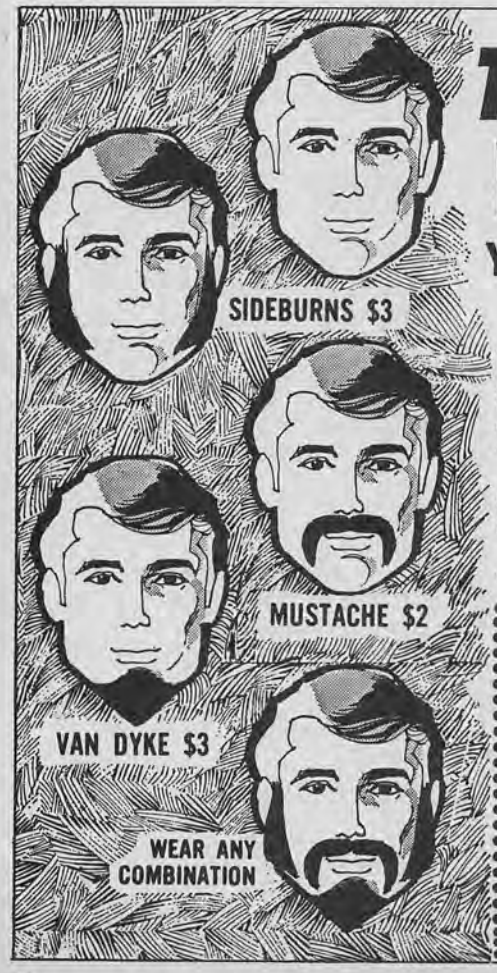
He wrestled on successfully in New Zealand for several years until he caught the eye disease, trachoma. He was blinded for 18 months. He came back to his first love – "the mat" – again, resumed wrestling, and continued to dispute Earl McCready's claim for the Empire title. However, they kept apart until November 9th, 1937, when Walker met McCready for the British Empire title at the Wellington Town Hall. The match was a complete sellout, but did not last for more than a round. McCready applied a painful hammerlock and Walker gave in, and did not answer the bell for the second round. This was the same hold

Earl McCready was Walker's last opponent. They clashed in 1937.

that had made Danno Mahoney give his title away to the German, Dick Shikat, some time earlier. But George Walker had seen his best days, and McCready was in his prime.

Later, Walker joined the New Zealand Wrestling and Athletic Club, but it could not function. A few years later this blond Canadian retired from the ring, and tried to go back home to Canada, but lack of finance made his last wish fizzle out. He later started a gym in Wellington, and as the 1939 war broke out, he and his wife moved to Auckland. He took a job on the Auckland water-front, but an accident finished his days on the wharf, for a slab of timber fell from a sling on to his head, and he was knocked cold. He worked on, but the following day he collapsed on the job again, and the beginning of his four years' illness was in sight, and his eyes began to fail him as well. Hence his move to Hannah's Bay outside the picturesque Rotorua. Here, after a few years, George regained his health, and added 2 stones to the 14 he weighed in his prime. George continued to live on in Rotorua until 1961, and then was called the the Great Beyond.

This grand sportsman was a wrestler from beginning to end. His loss was a great blow to the fans and to wrestling itself in the Antipodes. Among the great matmen who traded holds with his "Blond Tiger" were Daula, John Pesek, Tom Alley, Tom Lurich, Stanley Pinto, Wong Buck Cheung, Fazla, Kara Pasha, Ali Bey, Sonnenberg, and Harban Singh. In the Antipodes he had a total of 140 matches. He won 102, drew 21 and lost 17. A grand record. ♦ ♦ ♦



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(Continued from page 34)

Florida. Ocala is also the home of the world famous "Silver Springs."

With an attraction like the springs to buck, Jimmy decided he had to come up with something extra special, so he is building a mountain – That's right friends, a MOUNTAIN. Now some nasty folks might say, he don't need no mountain, all he has got to do is stand around – after all he makes a pretty fair size mountain himself.

This may well be true, but it would be kind of tiresome for one of his vast energy. And while Dean has tried to keep it quiet, let me tell you that he is a very grand person, one who has a heart as big as his body. None too well these past two years, Jimmy crawled out of a sick bed last Christmas time to play his usual role of Santa Claus to thousands of kids. The effort put him

Part of Mary's job is to point out to the visitors the historic facts about the Caverns.

flat on his back for six weeks, but you know he would do the same thing tomorrow if asked.

The plans to build his mountain are in full swing and Dean promises to have it ready for the coming tourist season this summer.

Outside of eating (he has been known to down two dozen doughnuts, two coffe cakes and a gallon of orange juice for breakfast) he loves to talk wrestling with anyone who will listen. So if any of you fans are heading down Florida way, just stop off to say hello, he'll love to see you – and incidentally, Dean has changed the name of his caverns over to "The Depths of Hell" – so you can chat with Jimmy and also have an opportunity to go to HELL and come back... ♦ ♦ ♦

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NOT DARK	L	I	G	H	T	
FROZEN WATER	I	C	E			
CLOSE	N	E	A	R		

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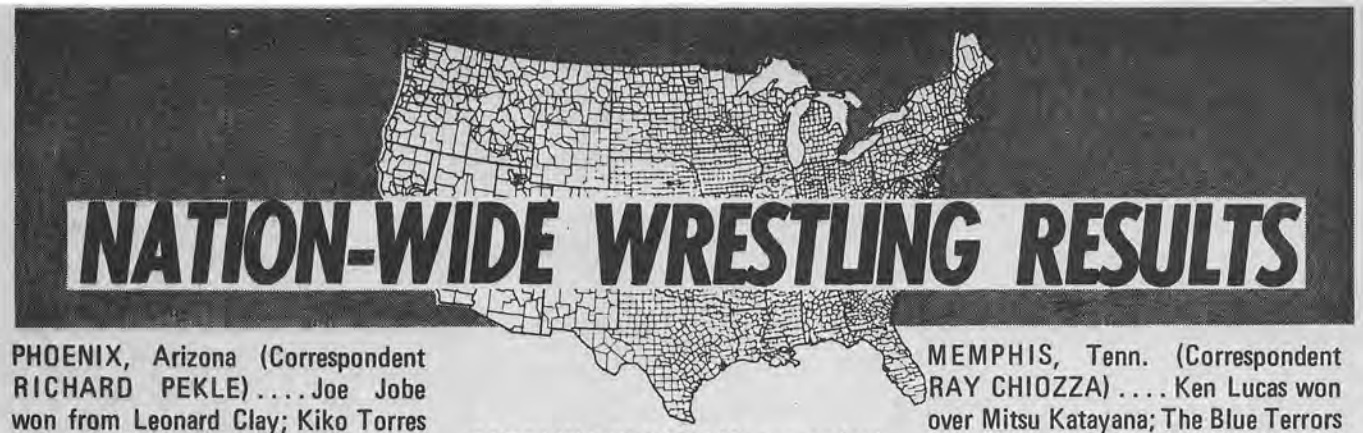

NATION-WIDE WRESTLING RESULTS

PHOENIX, Arizona (Correspondent RICHARD PEKLE) .... Joe Jobe won from Leonard Clay; Kiko Torres and John Smith drew; Armen Hussian and Chuck Carbo went to a No Decicison; Tito Montez & Pancho Pico won over Riki Valenzuela & Eddie Guest.

BRITISH COLUMBIA REPORT (Correspondent RANDY LOWE)

VANCOUVER .... Jack Bence whipped Tony Orford; Johnny Kostas won over Tom Andrews; John Tolos defeated Erich Froelich; Dutch Savage whipped Dean Higuchi; Stan Stasiak & Tony Borne defeated Bobby Shane & Don Leo Jonathan.

VICTORIA .... Tony Orford and Erich Froelich drew; Badboy Shields won from Johnny Kostas; Stan Stasiak beat Bobby Shane; Kostas teamed with Dean Higuchi to beat Shields and Jack Bence; Dutch Savage won from Don Leo Jonathan.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REPORT (Correspondent JOE POTTGIESER JR.)

SAN FRANCISCO .... Don Chuy won from Roger Kirby; The Mummy defeated Buddy Moreno; Pat Patterson and Don DeNucci drew; Cyclone Negro & Pepper Gomez defeated Tom Andrews & Cry Baby Cannon; Man Mountain Mike & Haystack Calhoun defeated Mr. Saito & Keniji Shibuya; Bill Miller and Ray Stevens drew.

OAKLAND .... Man Mountain Mike & Haystack Calhoun won over Gene Dubuque & Tom Andrews; Ray Stevens whipped Roger Kirby; Bill Miller defeated Buddy Moreno.

ST. LOUIS, MO. (Correspondent DON WILSON)

Terry Martin and Angelo Poffo drew; Pat O'Conner & Eduard Carpentier won from Dick the Bruiser & Bulldog Brower; Bill Watts won over Stan the Moose; Lord Littlebrook defeated Little Bruiser; Bob Geigel defeated Luis Martinez; Waldo Von Erich and Dory Funk Jr. went to a No Decision; Gene Kiniski beat Black Jack Lanza.

CAROLINA REPORT (Correspondent MIKE MOONEYHAM)

CHARLESTON .... Rock Hunter beat Angelo Martinelli; Cowboy Lang defeated The Mighty Atom; Greg Peterson & Silento Rodriguez won from The Hines Boys; Mr. Wrestling & Sam Steamboat defeated Rip Hawk & Swede Hanson.

SPARTANBURG .... Nelson Royal won from Tinker Todd; Lord Littlebrook whipped The Mighty Atom; George & Sandy Scott defeated Ronnie & Terry Garvin; Aldo Bogni, Bronco Lubich & George Harris won from George Becker, Johnny Weaver & Paul Jones.

CHARLOTTE .... Tinker Todd won from Sonny Fargo; Johnny Weaver beat Tony Nero; Greg Peterson & Silento Rodriguez won over The Hines Boys; The Scotts beat Aldo Bogni & Bronco Lubich.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas (Correspondent SCOTT LUKSH) .... Kurt Hess and Tiger Conway drew; Benny Matta whipped Tommy O'Brien; Grizzly Smith beat Mike Padousis; Joe Blanchard whipped Tank Morgan; Waldo Von Erich won over Dusty Rhodes. Morgan won a ten-man battle royal.

MOLINE, Ill. (Correspondent FRED WARREN) .... Mike Riker beat Johnny Kace; Joe Scarpella beat Chris Markoff; Pampero Firpo whipped Red Lyons; Bill Watts and Lars Anderson were both disqualified; Verne Gagne beat Dr. X; Watts and Lyons were beaten by the team of "Mad Dog & Butcher Vachone."

HONOLULU, Hawaii (Correspondent GEORGE T. BEPPU) .... Tosh Togo and Mr. X drew; Rocky Montero won from Harry Fujiwara; Ten McKenzie and Prof. Tanaka drew; Lord Blears, Nick Bockwinkle & Neff Maiava won over Luke Graham, Ripper Collins & Friday Allman.

MEMPHIS, Tenn. (Correspondent RAY CHIOZZA) .... Ken Lucas won over Mitsu Katayana; The Blue Terrors won from Jim Dalton & Corsica Joe; The Mighty Yankees beat Bobby & Lee Fields; Gene Kiniski defeated Johnny Walker.

MONTREAL, P.Q. (Correspondent CAMILLE LORD) ....

PAUL SAUVE ARENA .... Ben Sharkey beat Noel Caron; Doug Kent & Matt Gilmoure won over Dale Roberts & Dutch Brink; Larry Moquin beat Brute Martin; Eddy Auger won over Maurice Vachone on a disqualification; Abdullah the Butcher won from Alfred Caruso & Willie Trembly; Johnny Rougeau & Eduard Carpentier beat Yvon Koloff & Hans Schmidt.

FORUM .... Joey Russell and Little Beaver beat Sky Low Low & Little Brutus; Lionel Robert beat Ben Sharkey; Eddy Auger won from Chin Lee; Hans Schmidt whipped Brute Martin; Gino Brito & Antonio Pugliese won from Doug Kent & Mat Gilmoure; Antonio Ballargeon beat Maurice Vachone; Jacques Rougeau & Eduard Carpentier whipped Mighty Ursus & Bulldog Brower; Yvan Koloff defeated Whipper Billy Watson; Johnny Rougeau and Abdullah The Butcher went to a no contest.

OKLAHOMA REPORT (Correspondent GEORGE STEWART)

OKLAHOMA CITY .... Skandor Akbar whipped Diablo No. 1; Jerry Miller won from Bob Griffin; Sputnick Monroe defeated Gorgeous George Jr.; Chief Big Heart & Chief Kit Fox defeated Treach Phillips & Karl Von Stroheim.

TULSA .... Lorenzo Parente whipped Jack Donovan; Gerald Brisco and Jerry London went to a draw; Matti Suzuki whipped Tom Bradley; Skandor Akbar won from Sputnik Monroe; Karl Von Stroheim & Treach Phillips won over Red McKim & Gorgeous George Jr.

WAVERLY, ILL. (Correspondent

JUDY WILSON) .... Waldo Von Erich beat Luis Martinez; Lord Littlebrook beat Little Bruiser; Edouard Carpentier defeated Angelo Poffo.

KANSAS REPORT (Correspondent DAVE MAXON)

TOPEKA .... Dusty Rhodes whipped Terry Martin; Tommy Martin defeated Frank Marconi; Pat O'Connor beat Stan the Moose; Bob Geigel & Bob Brown beat Bob Blunt & The Viking.

KANSAS CITY .... Stan the Moose whipped Chuck Adcox; Pat O'Connor won over Baron Von Heisinger; The Viking downed Dusty Rhodes; Jean Antone & Kay Noble won over Betty Niccoli & Mae Young; Dick Murdock beat The Ox; Bob Geigel whipped Earl Maynard; O'Connor came back to hold Gene Kiniski to a draw.

PUERTO RICO (Correspondent RADAMES MEDINA)

Koa Tiki and Bobby Hart drew; Wahoo McDaniels whipped Tank Morgan; Nick Kozak beat Hans Mortier; Jose Lothario won over The Gladiator; Les Welch defeated Don Anderson; Jack Brisco & Kozak won from The Medics; Welch & Sherri Lee defeated Eduardo Perez and Sarah Corcega.

LEWISTON, Me. (Correspondent EDOUARD BILODEAU) .... Carlos Colon and Johnny Rodz drew; Arnold Skoaland beat Bull Ramos; Gorilla Monsoon won over both Rickey Sexton & Spiros Arion in a handicap match; Haystack Calhoun & Victor Rivera defeated The Sicilians.

STOCKTON, Calif. (Correspondent PAT RILEY) .... The Mummy beat Lou Whitson; Bill Miller won over Buddy Moreno; Pepper Gomez whipped Roger Kirby; Ray Stevens & Ciclon Negro defeated Mr. Saito & Kenji Shibuya.

MISSOURI REPORT (Correspondent DIANE DEVINE) ....

ST. JOSEPH .... Terry Martin won from Gerald Brown; Thor Hagen beat Chuck Adcox; The Ox whipped Baron Von Heisinger.

JOPLIN .... Darling Dagmar won from Diamond Lil; Tarzan Baxter beat Pancho Valdez; Kit Fox & Big Heart went to a no contest against Sputnik Monroe & Tony Marino.

SPRINGFIELD .... Darling Dagmar beat Diamond Lil; Lorenzo Parente won from Red Demon; Karl Von Stroheim & Treach Phillips whipped Tarzan Baxter & Matti Suzuki; Von Stroheim won a six-man battle royal.

PORTLAND, Ore. (Correspondent TOM SULLIVAN) .... Bruce Kirk won from Haru Sasaki; Dean Higuchi and Stan Stasiak drew; Bobby Shane and Johnny Heideman drew; Luther Lindsay beat Dutch Savage; The Von Steigers beat Billy White Wolf & Johnny War Eagle.

TEXAS REPORT (Correspondent BARRY WINNICK)

SAN ANGELO .... Alex Perez won over Pancho Valdez; The Lawman beat Guillotine Gordon; Pat Patterson beat Danny Miller; Terry and Dory Funk Sr. & Jr. won over The Infernos & J. C. Dykes.

FT. WORTH .... Mike Paidousis and Dusty Rhodes drew; Krusher Kowalski beat Grizzly Smith; Waldo Von Erich beat Joe Blanchard; Alex Medina won from Kurt Hess; Spoiler No. 1 and Baron Von Raschke ended in a double disqualification.

DALLAS .... Baron Von Raschke beat Grizzly Smith; Waldo Von Erich won from Roberto Pico; Kurt Hess beat Pantera Negro; Joe Blanchard defeated Spoiler No. 1; Fritz Von Erich & Dan Miller defeated Gary Hart & Don Jardine.

LUBBOCK .... Chief Little Eagle won from Guillotine Gordon; Alex Perez & Ricky Romero drew; Jerry Kozak and Pancho Valdez drew; Pat Patterson won from Dory Funk Sr.; Chati Yokouchi & Mr. Ito whipped The Infernos.

FLINT, Mich. (Correspondent BRUCE CRANE) .... Rocky Johnson defeated Mike Loren; Ben Justice whipped Joe Smith; Lucille Dupree defeated Mary Jane Mull; Bobo Brazil whipped Hell's Angel No. 2; Thunderbolt Patterson beat Bull Ortego; Igor Vodik beat The Sheik.

WEST VIRGINIA REPORT (Correspondent LARRY McCOY)

CHARLESTON .... Rock Hunter beat Les Wolff; Bob Ramstead whipped Tinker Todd; Ronny & Terry Garvin beat Greg Peterson & Silento Rodriguez; Mr. Wrestling & Sam Steamboat beat Rip Hawk & Swede Hanson. ♦ ♦ ♦

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READERS' PROS AND CONS

(Continued from page 5)

THANKS FROM A PEN PAL

Sirs:

I want to thank you for publishing my name in your "Pen Pals" section. I think that is the best thing that has happened to wrestling, your "Pen Pals." One can accumulate a lot of lifetime friends.

I enjoy your magazine very much but I must say here in Waterbury the newsstands hardly ever seem to have Wrestling Revue. As a matter of fact, I have been disappointed many times.

Sandra Zawrstoski
Waterbury, Conn.

(Editor's Note: They sell fast. Why don't you subscribe, then it will be delivered right to your home.)

SNYDER IS JUST GREAT

Sirs:

We, the wrestling fans of the Midwest can't begin to thank you enough for the article on Wilbur Snyder (in your December issue). He is truly one of the greats of wrestling, and one of the most polite people around. We feel the same about him as wrestling fans in New York feel about Bruno Sammartino. To us, he is our version of Sammartino. We would also like to thank you for your article on Luis Martinez. He recently returned to our state and is really thrilling the crowds. He too is one of the greatest of wrestlers. Your magazine is truly the best on the market, I never miss an issue. Thank you for taking time out to read my letter.

Alice Simpson
Terre Haute, Ind.

GENE KINISKI

WILBUR SNYDER

KINISKI UNDER A MASK (?)

Sirs:

I have been reading your magazine for over two years and must say that it is unequaled. You have had many fine stories on wrestlers, which I have enjoyed. I would like to suggest that you have more stories on wrestlers from Georgia. I have enjoyed the stories on wrestlers from Georgia in the past, but feel there are many fine wrestlers who have not yet been duly recognized. Some of these are: Dick Steinborn, Buddy Fuller, Ray Gunkel, the world champion Assassins, the Torres bros., and the Vachone bros.

I would also like to know why the Professional, the masked sensation from the Midwest, is not listed as one of the top challengers. On two occasions he has had Gene Kiniski at his mercy. (The only thing which kept Kiniski from losing his title was disqualification.)

In a recent television bout, the Professional beat and unmasked the Blue Destroyer, who turned out to be "the one and only" Gene Kiniski, the N.W.A. World Champion. Thank you for your time, and please heed my requests.

Chuck Humphrey
Milledgeville, Ga.

HATES MONSOON – BUT LIKED STORY

Sirs:

I liked your story on Gorilla Monsoon. Not that I like Monsoon. But the story by Mr. Hoffman was excellent!

Also, the story on "The Hard Life of a Manager" was also good. All I

can say is they deserve each other.

The action between Bruno and The Sheik was great.

I don't believe the Sicilians are the meanest tag team but they are very rough.

Thank you for the story about Stevens. I don't see why Stevens deserves a title shot. The reason he wins is because of his dirty deeds.

I hope you don't ruin your wonderful magazine by printing a column by J. C. Dykes. He will need more teaching than those two can give him. They were not the first masked team and will not be the last.

Thank you for your wonderful magazine.

Jim Paterson
Fargo, North Dakota

SAYS WE WERE "ROBBED"

Sirs:

I was reading in another wrestling magazine about the Annual Wrestling Banquet. There were many awards, one award which got me angry was the Wrestling Magazine of the Year Award. It was presented to the magazine I was reading (I do not want to use any names). I and many other fans think there is not any magazine that compares with WRESTLING REVUE.

Keith Chase
Upper Darby, Penna.

A PRO AND A CON

Sirs:

I have a beef, but first I'd like to commend your great magazine. It gets better each month. Everything else is "Bush League" compared to you.

Your articles are great, but in the Dec. 67 issue, you made your first big mistake, letting that trash about the "Dolly Sisters" (Hennig & Race) be published. They are a disgrace to wrestling. If they are so great why don't they come to L.A. (the wrestling capital of the world) to wrestle? Why? I'll tell you–because the teams we have here will mop them up.

Bill Valentine
Los Angeles, Calif.

THE UNTOUCHABLE GRAPPLERS

Sirs:

What would I have done had I been active in wrestling at the time women invaded the mat-world of Britain? What would my colleagues of that period have done? One cannot really answer those two questions for the simple reason that women just weren't performing seriously in Britain at that time.

My personal solution to the problem proved fascinating. I wrote articles, did a few radio broadcasts, all directed against the weaker-sex participating in the sport of wrestling, and I finally decided to take the bull by the horns and really find out foi myself if these women could wrestle, especially as I had read in sporting publications that some claimed they had met and defeated some male wrestlers.

At 48 I took up once again the old routine of training, did a great deal of weight lifting, also did a few exhibition bouts for charity, and finding that the 'old-magic' was still there, I went further with my attack on the ladies.

Through a surprised but helpful promotor I offered to meet a Mae Young. She was from Los Angeles, and in fact ran a school for wrestling there. She was also alleged to have put a male wrestler in hospital for a few weeks after he had dared to trade holds with her. The idea was an exhibition workout in a gym, however the strong and bold amazon told the promotor that she was not interested in meeting me. The former Mildred Burke, who is supposed to have defeated many males, also ignored my correspondence, as did another man-beater known as June Byers. Of course, these two were out of the sport, so also was I. Cora Combs (my namesake) who although getting along in years is still an active professional woman wrestler, also decided to bypass my nonsense. The younger ladies such as Melody Ann Quimby were very polite, wrote very nice and intelligent letters to me, but obviously considered I should be humoured. The whole thing turned out to be a chain of comedy.

In August 1968 I made my final effort to call the bluff of these women. I was given an interview by George Clogg, who is with the British Broadcasting Company (BBC). They were interested in the letters I'd received from some of these women wrestlers, and as such characters as Naughty Nola, and Lady Caroline were being described as Lady Champion Wrestler of Great Britain, etc., in some publications. They gave me the opportunity of having my say over the World Wide BBC Oversea Programme. Again I challenged these women, again I told 'em that I personally considered 'them phoney. George Clogg invited any woman wrestler to write up to the BBC and accept my challenge at the end of the broadcast, and to date again there is just silence.

To me it is obvious that these women ridicule a great sport, equally obvious that they lack the "guts" to take up a genuine challenge, and there the matter ends. If they are equal to the male wrestler, or if they can really beat a male, why do they not do so? It is my personal opinion that such reported victories over males are arranged for the purpose of publicity and are by no means genuine. In trying to prove this I've lost a good few friends, also have been called a "dirty old man" etc. I talked it over with my wife, son and daughter before leaving Britain a few days ago. They are as disgusted as I am. If women are equal to men in the wrestling sphere, then why should I be called a "dirty old man" because I state, 'Come out and prove yourselves'. I've a few belts and cups at home, and I've told my wife to give 'em to the dustman when he next calls, for if this is the sport of wrestling the waste heap is the best place for them.

So good luck to them, these untouchable grapplers, I'm really sorry I ever became involved with such comediennes, but of course have only myself to blame, I was an idiot to have taken them seriously.

Hank Coombs

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UNDER THE HAT

(Continued from page 8)

a movie in Japan. He has appeared in other pictures, some of them in the U.S.

Bobby Pico, half Irish, half Mexican, is now wrestling in the Midwest. This man would have been world's champ if only he would listen to me! Same for Sputnik Monroe.

Did you know that Mildred Burke, former lady champ, is going to make a comeback? She is going to wrestle in Japan this year. She was the greatest of all the gals, never to be forgotten. Mildred could beat men in her own weight class.

I got a Christmas card from my old buddy, Al (Kangaroo) Costello. He is in the Detroit area. Many of my friends have been trying to contact me. Write me in care of Wrestling Revue. It will be forwarded to me.

Boston and Montreal are having a big year in wrestling. Rowdy Red Roberts is now promoting in Alabama and doing a good job. Lou Thesz, the ex-champ, visited high schools in Nashville, Tenn., and spoke to the kids there, especially those on the wrestling teams. He gave them some real fine tips. I still would like to see a match between Thesz and Jackie Fargo. Who is afraid of who? Is it Jackie or is it Lou?

Earl Maynard

Johnnie Walker from Honolulu, Hawaii, now living in Atlanta, Ga., has teamed up with Len Rossi and is doing real well. Walker is very strong, with plenty of speed, which makes him and Rossi a tough team to beat.

Mario Milano is doing great in Australia. Mario met and married an Australian girl, and is now a proud daddy. He will be coming back to the U.S. this summer.

That's all for now, from the world's number one manager, Gentleman Saul Weingeroff. ♦♦♦

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